

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THERE are two things a plain man cannot understand about the Shakespeare celebration at Stratford. In the first place, now that the Stratfordians have got the Memorial Theatre, what are they going to do with it? When the foundation-stone was laid Mr. Tom Taylor gave utterance to a good deal of "tall talk" about dramatic schools in small towns, instancing Weimar and Dusseldorf as examples of what could be done in that way; but no one in his senses expects to see a school for the drama at Stratford. Nor would any manager, I imagine, be insane enough to take the theatre as a speculation unless he had a fine taste in bankruptcy. Thus it will be left, I suppose, to travelling companies, and they are hardly likely to patronise Stratford with Birmingham and Leamington close by. In the second place, was there no English actress to be found who could recite Mr. Westland Marston's rather turgid lines? and why should the bard be poetically patronised by an American? I do not grudge the inhabitants of Stratford their holiday, and they are quite right to be proud of Shakespeare, but I see no future for this Memorial Theatre, unless indeed it is used to house an occasional travelling circus.

A SERIES of instantaneous photographs of horses in action have been taken, and are very valuable, as they will set at rest those disputed questions as to the movements of horses in their various paces, points upon which controversy often rages high. Though we all see so many horses trotting every day of our lives, few people seem to be agreed as to the precise method of the animal's progression at this pace. When do the hind feet strike the ground in relation to the fore feet, for instance? If one looks at a horse trotting he appears to place his hind feet near about, or a little behind, the prints made by the hoofs of his fore legs. These photographs, however, show that when a horse is trotting at full speed—trained American trotters are the animals that have been tested—his hind hoofs sometimes strike the ground at least a good five feet in advance of his fore hoof marks. A very little reflection will show how tremendous the propelling power of the horse must be, and why good trotters always have such powerful and muscular quarters. We shall next week give a series of illustrations of the photographs taken of the American trotter Occident.

I HAD the misfortune, on Tuesday evening, to sit in the box, at the Royal Italian Opera, next to that occupied by Signor Vianesi and his companions, and more unpleasant neighbours I was never afflicted with. Possibly Signor Vianesi supposed that an opera conducted by Signor Bevnigani could not be worth hearing; at any rate throughout the whole evening he and his male and female friends talked and amused themselves in a manner which entirely prevented me and the ladies who were with me from hearing the music. Even when the delicate passages of the love music in the second act of *Ernani* were being sung, their noise was continued. I tapped at the side of the box and looked round imploringly again and again, but without producing any effect—except, perhaps, that of amusing Signor Vianesi's friends. Bad as such behaviour is in any case, it is especially disgraceful when persistently carried on by those employed at the opera. I sat in the next box to a young *prima donna* a few evenings ago, and found her tolerably noisy; but anything approaching to the continued misconduct of Signor Vianesi's companions I never experienced, and I would ask Mr. Gye whether it is

fair that visitors to his theatre should be thus annoyed by persons ignorant of the first principles of decent conduct? I am glad to see that *The Standard* has called attention to this abuse, and I have reason to know that Signor Vianesi's friends were the offenders who provoked the comment.

SOME very interesting racing statistics have been compiled by a writer in the *Saturday Review* in support of the theory that there are no symptoms of decline in the popularity of racing. Last season no less a sum than £225,000 was given to be run for, and the writer continues, "as race committees do not usually offer prizes from purely philanthropic motives, it may readily be supposed that immense sums must be received from the spectators of races to make such an investment profitable." This £225,000 was only the "added money," and, including entrances, the total value of the stakes raced for last season amounted to £391,059. There are probably some minor meetings not counted in, and if so the sum may, without exaggeration be put down roundly at £400,000. This shows a decided increase. In 1876 the added money was about £166,000, and in 1877, £194,000. In the number of horses running there has, however, been a diminution. In 1878 rather more than two thousand horses ran in this country; but this number was greatly exceeded in the years 1868, 1869, and 1870, when upwards of two thousand five hundred horses ran annually. A greater number of two-year-olds, however, ran last year than ever, while the five-year-olds which were on the turf were unusually few. Indeed there has of late been a great decrease in the number of five-year-olds kept in training. In each of the years 1868, 1869, and 1870, the number of five-year-olds which started for races was double that of last year. Owners of race-horses know their own business best, but this seems hardly a good sign for the future as regards the breeding of race-horses.

THE pictures in the Grosvenor Gallery that come under the head of Sporting and Dramatic are few in number. Mr. W. G. Wills, amongst other works, has sent "Ophelia and Laertes" (20). The "lost" expression on Ophelia's face is very skilfully rendered, but the colouring generally is a little hard, and the figure and attitude of Laertes are not well designed. Mr. Weguelin's "Tired Dancer" (45) is expressive in pose, and the details are good, the marble particularly so. Mr. Whistler has sent a young woman (55) with pasteboard legs and feet of a marvellously vague and shadowy shape, such as no feet ever were since the world began. This marionette does duty for Miss Gilchrist of the Gaiety Theatre. I should like to hear Mr. Ruskin's opinion of it. Mr. Herkomer exhibits (49) a good portrait of Alfred Tennyson, and Mr. G. F. Watts an outrageously bad one of Mr. Gladstone—not a "dramatic" picture, this, but it is so utterly wrong as to call for special mention. Mr. Sandys, a portrait painter who has few successful rivals, sends a very admirable likeness of Sir Thomas Hesketh, though we may express grave doubts as to whether Sir Thomas ever went hunting in a coat of the colour here represented. Herr Otto Weber's horses in "Homeward Bound" (183) are painted with remarkable truth.

THERE are two ways of looking at most things, and in the case of Mr. James Purdy, who was lately brought before Judge Duffy, of New York, on a charge of having been drunk and disorderly, it is evident that diametrically opposite views of the question were taken by the two. "I am ashamed to be seen in such a place as this!" Mr. Purdy sadly observed. The judge was much hurt, "Ashamed!" he answered, "Ashamed! why there is nothing wrong about this place? We are all respectable gentlemen here, and try to behave as well we know how. I think you affect too much style, Mr. Purdy. Your fine is five dollars." Mr. Purdy wanted to explain, but was cut short.

THOSE who have read the account of Miss Minnie Warren's two lovers, the successful General Tom Thumb and the disappointed Commodore Nutt, are aware that a little man can love long and devotedly. The astute Mr. Barnum thought that a marriage between the dwarfs would attract the public, and he made a great merit of not charging so much a head to those who wanted to witness the ceremony, feeling sure that the "good feeling" he displayed in the matter would pay in the long run—as it did. Commodore Nutt was consoled in course of time by another little Warren, and the two pairs of dwarfs became men and wives. There are, however, in America at the present time a couple of dwarfs, General Mite and Lucia Zarate, known as the Midgets, whose respective bosoms have not been struck by their companion's charms. This is a cause of trouble with their proprietor. He wants to arrange a marriage between them, but they deliberately refuse to fall in love with each other; and not only is the interest of a marriage thus rendered impossible, but there is a further difficulty that they may presently decline to appear together, and one may retire to a rival show. A little of Mr. John Wellington Wells's patent love philtre is the only thing I can suggest.

THE following illustration of the habits of judicial dignitaries and legal luminaries over the water is from a dictionary of Americanisms, and will well bear quoting:—"At a Court in Kentucky the case of 'Smith v. Brown' was called up. 'Who's for the plaintiff?' asked the judge impatiently. 'May it please the Court,' said a rising member of the legal fraternity, 'Pilkins is for the plaintiff; but I left him just now over in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a "sucker" there, and he's sure to skin him, if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring a "cold deck," in which case he'll deal for himself four aces and his opponent four queens; so that your honour will perceive that he must "rake the persimmons." 'Dear me,' said the judge, with a sigh, 'that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time. I am very anxious to get on with these cases.' A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge. 'Bill,' said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins who had spoken, 'you understand poker about as well as Pilkins. Suppose you go over and play his hand.'"

RAPIER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CLIMBING DOG.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—I am afraid you must be tired to death of the subject of "Foxes in Trees," but I should like to inform your correspondent "Common Sense" that I have known a dog climb a tree, and that habitually, to a very considerable extent. A bull terrier, belonging to a brother of mine, used constantly to climb to a very considerable height, I should say about 30 to 40 feet, an old elm tree in my father's garden. He used to do this apparently without any motive, and more than once hurt himself by falling. The elm tree was blown down two years ago, but I have never seen or heard of the dog attempting to climb any other tree. The dog has, and had, a kennel on the ground. In case you may think it worth while to insert this, I enclose my card, and beg to remain,

A SUBSCRIBER.

BIG JUMPS.

SIR,—While you are discussing big jumps perhaps the repetition of the story of a jump taken by Dick Christian may be of interest to "Inquirer" and others. "The Druid" gives the quotation, from a local newspaper, in one of his books—*Post and Paddock*, I fancy:—

"DANGEROUS HUNTING EXPLOIT.—The following extraordinary feat was last week inadvertently performed by that celebrated rider and tough veteran, Dick Christian, of Melton Mowbray. He was mounted on Mr. Coke's chestnut mare Marigold, and out with the Quorn hounds near Holwell mouth, when he charged a thick-cut hedge four feet six inches high, which he cleared in good style, the mare alighting on a bank about a yard wide, with all her four feet together; immediately below this bank is a steep declivity into an old quarry or stone-pit called *Sot's Hole*, about twelve yards deep; the failure of the bank where friend Dick had thus suddenly deposited his whole capital must have proved fatal; luckily it stood firm, and the generous animal on which he rode bounded boldly forward, reaching the bottom in three springs, the measurement of which we subjoin—much to the amazement of the old stager and several others who witnessed this unprecedented performance. Dick found himself well fixed on his saddle when the gallant mare reached *terra firma*, and both steed and rider perfectly unscathed. Mr. Coke himself was by, and wondered for the moment what had become of his mare. Too much praise cannot be given to our hardy veteran of the field for his excellent nerve, his firm and vigorous hand, and cool presence of mind, in this little affair. In the *Sporting Magazine* for April, 1829, page 373, and Pierce Egan's *Book of Sports*, page 221, honourable mention is made of this true 'old English fox-hunter,' who is now in the 60th year of his age, and still hale and hearty. The following is a correct statement of each leap, the height of the hedge not being included:—Over the hedge, 1st leap, 18ft. 8in. measured in a right line; 2nd leap, 10ft 6in.; 3rd, 10ft.; 4th, 14ft. 9in.; total, 53ft. 3in.

"Your obedient servant,

'WARE PIT."

[This story will probably be familiar to the majority of our readers; but we give it for the benefit of those who have not read Dick Christian's famous Lecture.—Ed. I. S. & D. N.]

SIR,—The biggest jump I ever knew as regards height was made by a four-year-old colt, now in my possession, though ten years have been put on to his age since the occurrence. He was in a paddock near to some farm-buildings on my property, and suddenly, for no reason that we could make out, he galloped towards the paling by which the field is surrounded and bounded clean over, without touching, or perhaps the least possible tap with one hind foot. My farm-bailiff, to whom I was talking at the time, was of opinion that he did not hit the fence at all. This paling is an unmistakable 6 feet 2 inches. Being on higher ground there could be no mistake about it, for we were both attracted by his suddenly starting off. I think you will admit that this is a case of a big jump. I may add that the animal had been hunted a few times—three or four—and has been constantly since until about two years ago, when I put him into a dogcart. I cannot say that he ever did anything very extraordinary in the hunting-field; it may be because he was never asked to; and I never raced him, though he was as near as possible thoroughbred, and might have done something over hurdles or in a steeplechase. I remember at the time talking to a friend in Staffordshire about it, and he showed me a gate which had been jumped by a mounted horse. He was certain that the gate was 6ft. at least, but on measurement it turned out to be rather over 5ft. 9in. I have read of some very big jumps in the autobiography of a certain Mr. Smith, who, I believe, once hunted the Pytchley Hounds. Your correspondent might find what he wants in the book, very likely. I enclose card.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

A. H. DE V. S.

SIR,—In a most useful little work on the horse, published some thirty years ago, written by a Mr. Lawrence, a "vet." of some standing, I remember seeing an account of a clear jump of 11 yards (33 feet), by a horse belonging either to Lord Alvanley or Chesterfield, or else named one or the other. I have not the book by me now, and it is so long ago that I can only recollect those correct, but bare particulars. I also, I think, in 1836 or 1837, saw two marvellous jumps over a brook in a steeplechase, near Corsham, in Wiltshire, only two horses getting over, one a rat-tailed chestnut, Paganini, ridden by its owner, Sir Lewin Gwynne, well known at Balle and Willom Horlock's and Duke of Beaufort's hunts; and the other, I forget the name, ridden by Captain Beecher, who won, poor Sir Lewin being utterly exhausted, with his feet out of the stirrups, swaying about, and I believe almost unconscious, Paganini racing up the hill (the finish after the jump), and taking a hedge beyond the winning-post before pulling up. I don't remember that it was measured, but I and many rode down to look at the place, and it was a marvellous jump. I think three plumped into the middle. Those were the days of real steeplechasing, not made fences over beautiful grass land.—Excuse this, and allow me to remain yours truly,

R. E.

3, Claremont-terrace, Exeter.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

SIR,—Did you ever know a horse eat eggs? I did not, although I have spent a great part of my life with horses and poultry. When getting ready for the coaching season I have had more horses than stabling, and had to put two in a shippin where there were game fowls. Eggs have been uncommonly scarce. On Sunday morning I noticed a hen laying in a manger, and a four-year-old filly that I have bred, quietly watching her. As soon as the hen laid the egg, it was eaten; and that there should be no mistake, I offered the filly another egg, which she took greedily, crunching it up and swallowing shell and all. A line in Shakespeare says,—

Who out of love for his horse buttered his hay,
but is it not something new for a horse to wait patiently for a hen to lay and then eat the egg? Dogs have often been known to do it.—Yours truly,
FLETCHER MOSS,
Didsbury, April 28th, 1879.

MAGAZINES AND SERIALS FOR MAY.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

The Magazine of Art (Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) opens with a paper on the career and works of our newly-elected R.A., Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, in which both are, in our opinion, somewhat too highly rated. Mr. Marks is a very clever and original decorator, draughtsman, and painter, but we fail to see how his particular style of treatment and special class of subjects have exercised a permanent reforming and elevating influence on the art of his day. We have still more than enough of "the clumsily or humorous sickly sentimental" in our pictures and book illustrations, and if we have shaken off some of the paltry affectation and feeble artificial sentiment to be found more largely in the art production of a generation now nearly gone, it can hardly be said that our conceptions have gained much in the way of more wholesome sentiment and feeling, or greater imaginative power. We have, nappily, a far more sincere regard for honest work, and we insist more seriously upon seeing the result of genuine study than our predecessors had or did, and our works are consequently more conscientiously realistic; but they have, perhaps, less influence over the passions and feelings than the works of English artists had at almost any period of their past history. The paper in question is illustrated with translations into black and white of "The Apothecary," one of those unimaginative single-figure—with accessories—studies to which Mr. Marks is so partial; with one of his more admirable works, "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," and with a portrait in which Mr. Marks looks more solemnly grave, care-worn, and earnest than he ever looked in our company. The selections from Mr. John Mac Whirter's illustrations are good, and we have an excellent engraving by that prince of artistic wood-engravers, Mr. Klinkicht, from Mr. J. D. Linton's "Memoirs," exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1878. An illustrated paper in continuation of the series commenced with this volume on wood engraving reproduces some early specimens of xylography of a very interesting kind, but the small space of necessity devoted to each of the varied subjects herein treated makes this portion of the series a mere scrap, far too short to be satisfactory. Mr. R. H. Soden Smith's illustrations are valuable, and very readable, contribution suffers from the same cause. A paper on "Bolton Abbey and Bolton Woods" will, with its clever drawings, be sure to please. The remainder of the contents and illustrations are all of the highest class and value, making this month's number one of more than average excellence.

Our Own Country this month conveys us to the Dee and Woburn, and commences the section devoted to the city of Dublin. The illustrations are fairly good, and the subject matter ditto.

The Theatre has two excellent photographic portraits, one of Miss Swanborough, the other of Mr. Conway, and is otherwise a more than usually good number. Hans Essen's recent severe comments upon the present condition of the stage in England are regarded in the opening paper as exaggerated and unjust, although the author admits there is much truth in them, as, indeed, and alas! there certainly is. An article on the Strat-

ford Memorial Festival evidently owes its inspiration to the *Daily Telegraph*, the absurd blunders of which it repeats, together with its illogical comments and ill-natured revilings. It concludes as follows:—"When, with ill-advised boldness, it attempts to conjure with the great name of its dead townsman, and to manipulate our national pride in Shakespeare to its own advantage and self-glorification, it commits a blunder not only provocative of laughter, but deserving of reprobation." This, to our thinking, is very paltry. As the birthplace of William Shakespeare, Stratford needs no self-glorification.

Scribner's Monthly comes to us with its usual variety of interesting subject matter, and its charming and equally varied illustrations are, as usual, finished works of art. The opening paper by Sofia Bompiani on the "New Museum in Rome" will awaken great artistic interest, dealing as it does with objects of

tical discussion of "Village Lawn-Planting," by the horticulturist, Samuel Parsons, jun.; "Three Days in Sussex," a charming description, in a light vein, of English country-house life (by an anonymous writer); "A Pilgrimage to Vallombrosa," by Theodore R. Bacon, and a sketch of Richard Henry Dana, by James Grant Wilson, including Dana's account of the episode of the acceptance of "Thanatopsis" for the "North American Review." The poetry of the number includes "At Odds with Life," a dramatic studio poem, by David L. Proudfit; "The Four Konans," a ballad by Charles de Kay; "False and True," a recent sonnet by Dr. Holland (the only one ever written by him); "Two Sermons," by Austin Dobson; and other poems by T. W. Parsons, Mrs. Piatt, L. Frank Tooker, R. W. Gilder, Marie Mason, H. N. Powers, and Lloyd Mifflin. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland discusses "Vulgarity

in Fiction and on the Stage," in the course of which he says:—

"The average playwright has a fixed opinion that certain definite appeals must be made to the groundlings, in order to produce a successful play. There must be coarseness or profanity, or the half-disguised obscenity that can be put forth in a double entente, or else the great multitude will not be satisfied. As a consequence of this, many ladies do not dare to go to the theatre, or to take their children there. There is no question that these objectionable elements in plays have kept many more people out of the theatre than they ever attracted thither. People—even vulgar people—are not pleased with vulgarity, and it is quite worth while to call attention to the things that the people are pleased with, both in the fictions of the book and of the stage. We have had a lyrical comedy running in all the theatres of the country during the last season—*Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore*—which will illustrate a part of what we mean. Since we began to observe theatres at all, nothing has had such a run of popularity as this. Young and old, rich and poor, have been amused by it, and there is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that can wound any sensibility. It is a piece of delicious absurdity all through, and a man can enjoy two hours of jollity in witnessing it, which will not leave a stain upon him anywhere. It is simply delightful—pure fun—and the most popular thing that has appeared on the stage for the last ten years. We call attention to it specially to show that fun, when it is pure, is more popular a thousand times than when it is



SCENE FROM "THE LADY OF LYONS," AT THE LYCEUM.

art recently excavated, of which illustrations are given. An account of the varied and peculiar phases of New York wharf-life is given in "A Day on the Docks," by Charles H. Farnham, with noteworthy illustrations by Vanderhoof and Muhrmann. A biographical and critical article on the distinguished violinists, Wilhelmj and Reményi, is contributed by J. R. G. Hassard, the well-known musical critic, and is accompanied by vigorous pen sketches of the two virtuosi by the artist, Wm. M. Chase. A paper on "The Pastoral Bees," by John Burroughs, illustrated by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, is very readable. The first of the series of papers on "Brazil," by Herbert H. Smith, the result of the author's visits to Brazil, in the immediate interest of the magazine, is devoted to Pará, which the writer terms the "Metropolis of the Amazon," and for which he predicts a great commercial future. The illustrations, by Mr. Champney, show much variety of scene and incident. A prac-

not. Nothing can be more evident to any man of common sense than that any admixture of unworthy elements in this play would damage its popularity. What is true of this play is true of any and every play. There is no apology whatever for making the stage impure. Even vulgar people do not seek the stage for impurity. They seek it for pleasure, and they find the purest plays the most satisfactory, providing only that the pleasure-giving element is in them. A playwright who is obliged to resort to coarse means to win the applause of coarse men, convicts himself of a lack of capacity for writing a good play."

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, attended by a numerous suite, honoured the performance of the new opéra comique, *Madame Favart*, with their presence at the Strand Theatre on Monday evening.

THE "PEOPLE'S"
TRIBUTE TO THE
PREMIER.

THE gold laurel wreath to be presented to the Earl of Beaconsfield as the people's tribute to the Premier, is entirely the gift of working men and women throughout the United Kingdom, and the amount of each person's subscription was limited to one penny. The wreath, which has been executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, is valued (cost price) at £220, and it will, therefore, represent the contributions of 52,800 persons. As the wreath lies on its deep crimson-coloured velvet cushion, it is an exceedingly beautiful object. Four branchlets of bay twisted in pairs are fastened at the thicker ends by a golden tie. Every leaf, each stem, stalk, and berry is a carefully-studied imitation of the part it represents; and the faces and undersides of the leaves being veined and worked over with a fine-pointed tool, so as to produce the appearance of the pores, the play of light and shade on surfaces so varied is very great. The models were specimens of the *laurus nobilis*, the sweet-smelling bay used by the Romans for the *corona laurea*. The wreath weighs rather more than 20oz., and the gold used is 22 carat—of the same fineness as a sovereign, only the alloy in the wreath is silver instead of copper. There are forty-six leaves, and on the back of each may be seen, on turning over the wreath, the names, one, two, or three on each leaf, of the eighty towns in the United Kingdom that have sent or promised contributions. As subscriptions continue to come in, it is proposed to add a stand for the wreath, an oaken casket, and an illuminated address, and the names of future contributory towns will be engraved on these.



THE PEOPLE'S TRIBUTE TO EARL BEACONSFIELD.

THE HAMPTON COURT
COACH.

COACHING, so far from degenerating, would seem to be on the increase, judging from the numerous road coaches which daily leave the time-honoured White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly; but it is not of either of these that we propose to deal with to-day, but with the Hampton Court coach which commenced running on Monday last from the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham-court-road. The proprietor, Mr. Best, has started this coach, and, judging from the amount of public support it received during the week, the Hampton Court bids fair to come to the front rank among the road coaches this season. Mr. Best, who will be known to many hunting men as a capital rider, has shown his judgment in the selection of his horses, as they are all-powerful, short-legged, hunting-like sorts. He has also been fortunate in securing as guard "Goodwyn," who was connected for so long with poor John Eden, of the "Wycombe." Leaving the Horse Shoe each morning at 11.30, the route pursued by Mr. Best is *via* Shepherd's Bush over Hammersmith Bridge and Barnes Common to the King's Head, Roehampton, when the first change takes place, and the four bays give place to two powerful bays in the wheel, while a blood-like chestnut and bay act as leaders. Leaving Roehampton the coach passes over Wimbledon Common, through Kingston-vale and Kingston, and arrives at its destination, "The Mitre," Hampton Court, at 1.15, the down journey having occupied one hour and three-quarters.

The Mitre, Hampton Court, has always held its own in public esteem and during the three hours' wait the traveller can make sure of good entertainment. Leaving the Mitre at 4.15,



GRAND INTERNATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AT SANDOWN.

its coach returns via the same route, Goodwyn, as the coach passes the Royal paddocks blowing such a blast as to cause the brood mares with foals at heels to gallop around their enclosures. Punctually to time—six o'clock—the Hampton Court arrives at the Horse Shoe. The coach is in every way a credit to the promoter.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

As if in scorn of the dreary rain and cold which on Wednesday week was such a general source of discomfort, the bells of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford ushered in the three hundred and fifteenth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth with a right merry peal, and all the lowly cottages and old-fashioned little shops and houses broke out into a general display of gaily-coloured bunting. For, poor and humble as Stratford-on-Avon is, its inhabitants have a due and proper feeling of pride in the memory of William Shakespeare.

Far away, haughty London, with its stateliness and wealth, and its great world of "somebodies," has not, in the roar and turmoil of its vast business and traffic, a single relic of the great poet's earthly existence in its midst. Even the very site of his home on the Bankside has long been forgotten, and few—very few—can tell you where once those theatres were in which his great plays were first performed.

But in this lowly little town it is otherwise. Here, his birth-place, the homes of his relatives and dearest friends, his wife's maiden home, the site of the house in which he passed the last years of his life, and died, his school-room, the hall in which he first saw a play, and his tomb, with many trifling personal relics and objects associated with his greatness, are all held sacred to his memory, and preserved with religious care. Consequently, that truly catholic worship of genius which unites men of all professions, callings, countries, and creeds, rich or poor, has made this a place of pilgrimage. To this spirit-stirring locality come as to a shrine devotees of all classes, all shades of character, all phases of politics. Wandering in these quiet streets amidst fertile fields and softly-swelling wooded hills, they are united and made one in the enthusiasm of their love for Shakespeare, that fellow-feeling which makes the whole world kin, and kind.

Here then, one would say, of all places, there should be a stage suitable for the occasional performance of Shakespeare's plays. It is no mean delight to come fresh from these actual realisations of Shakespeare's life to witness its majestic outgrowth of thought and imagination on the stage. And yet for more than seven years the Stratfordians have been theatreless. Before that time they had a very compact and well-built little play-house. It stood on part of the ground which was Shakespeare's garden, and it was opened in 1835 when its inaugural ceremonies were as full of pride, pomp, and circumstance as the opening of its successor during the last and present week has been. It, too, was called a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. But, alas! it was then thought that Warwickshire play-goers and the Stratford visitors would suffice for its encouragement and support. Consequently it soon became a neglected, dingy, decaying house, and touching stories have been told—I have both read and heard them—of the miseries endured by wandering companies, who hired it full of hopeful preparation and energy to go away disgraced and in debt, hungry and penniless, with hearts sickened by vain yet desperate efforts to attract audiences. There are still some fragments of the stone pillars which adorned its front preserved in the ground on which it stood. A man who used to shift scenes there pointed them out to me.

"We did so want a theatre here," said, with a sigh, the pretty girl who served me with some photographs in the High-street.

"And now you've got one," said I, with smile-disguised severity, addressing her as if she were Stratford and its entire neighbourhood rolled into one nice, neat little figure. "Now you've got one I hope you'll keep it, and be more liberal with your support to this than you were to the last."

I believe she blushed, but if so it was, of course, only for Stratford and its neighbourhood.

And yet to blame Stratford for not supporting a theatre is like sending a starving man to prison for not giving food to his children. There are those who, dressed in a little brief authority, do both, and have, alas! done such fantastic tricks quite recently.

There was a time when Shakespeare's birthday was honoured at Stratford only by feasting; when a great feast was annually spread in the town-hall, to which a very select few were invited in the name of Shakespeare, to eat and drink to his immortal memory. Traders were usually rejected with scorn on such occasions, and only the local gentry and "somebodies" were invited. There was little nobly or appreciatively appropriate to such a birthday in these proceedings, but they were not sneered at nor abused by London journalists. Sneers and abuse were, however, held in reserve profusely ready for those who should attempt to elevate the birthday celebration into something more worthy of its wide significance and greatness.

But, when did Englishmen meet to do any good or great thing without eating or drinking? We had on the present occasion as a matter of course something of the same kind. It was called a "collation," but in no sense was it that exclusive gathering of local somebodies looking down upon and excluding local nobodies, which the Shakespeare birthday dinner was before the Flowers bloomed in Stratford. This year, as last, in the name of Shakespeare all who cared to do honour to his memory were heartily welcomed.

The collation of toasts and speeches followed that of the excellent provisions, the dominant toast for the occasion being of course, "The Immortal Memory of Shakespeare," which was proposed by the most Catholic of Churchmen, the Rev. Canon Baynes. In the course of his speech he eulogised the drama and actors, claiming for Shakespeare's works the highest rank in literature, and for members of the theatrical profession a serious earnestness and persevering energy, which were, he said, examples the clergy well might follow. He also pointed out the inconsistency of those who condemn the theatre without visiting it; to which some may reply that one may judge the effect of a poison without drinking it, if only poison it be. As the next toast—after Mr. Lowndes, the secretary, had presented his report—Lord de la Warr proposed "The Shakespeare Memorial Association," and after saying they had assembled for the inauguration of a permanent monument to the memory of a great Englishman, called attention to what had passed upon this subject in the last few years. Fifteen years ago, at the 300th celebration of Shakespeare's birthday, he believed, there was a very general feeling that there ought to be some memorial, some monument erected to his memory, and that it should be done in the town of Stratford. No steps were taken immediately after that celebration, but in the year 1874, the Mayor of the town made a most munificent offer of a site for the memorial theatre, and a thousand pounds towards its erection. That munificent offer brought forth a response from people far and near, echoing from

the shores of the western world, and spreading, he might say, over almost the whole civilised world. After describing the various features of the scheme as fast approaching a complete realisation, he concluded by stating that it must be gratifying to everybody to see a memorial erected to the memory of so great a man here in Stratford, the place where he was born, and lived, and died.

In responding to this toast, the Mayor of Stratford, Mr. C. E. Flowers (whose portrait appears on another page), went back to the time—four years ago—when the Memorial was a thing to be, and they were approaching their task of erecting it with many timid doubts and fears; for it seemed almost presumptuous for them to do that which had been so long left undone by generations of greater and more able men. About the righteousness of erecting a monument to Shakespeare they never had any doubt, their sole anxiety and dread arising from the thought that, for want of ability or means, they might ignominiously fail. They had not, however, been defeated, for that portion of the work to which the members of the Association had pledged themselves was already near completion. It was, therefore, with justifiable satisfaction and pride that he pointed to the theatre they had erected—a theatre which for external beauty and perfection of internal arrangements was almost unique, and to the fact of Shakespeare's play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, being about to be performed in it that evening. Speaking of the distinguished people who for love of Shakespeare had generously come to their assistance, he said how proud he was to find himself associated with them in such a cause. But their task was not yet finished, and the members of the Association were determined to quietly and patiently work it out in that true spirit of love and reverence for the genius of Shakespeare which is common to English-speaking men and women all the world over. If only those who had spent a pleasant day in visiting the scenes of Shakespeare's birth, life, and death, approved of what the Association were doing, and would contribute a mite in acknowledgment of the pleasure and the profit they derived from his writings, then the Association could carry out, to the fullest extent, their aims and ends, could finish the library and the picture gallery, and attempt to provide for that acknowledged want of the day—a school for acting. They were not, however, pledged to any definite scheme. Such a scheme had been thought out, but before doing anything, they should endeavour to obtain the counsel of every one competent and able to advise them.

Referring to articles commenting adversely on the Memorial, Mr. Flower smilingly added:—"They complain that we represent neither literature, science, scholarship, the clergy, nor the law; they say that not being inhabitants of that great metropolis which ought to monopolise great works, we are terribly presumptuous, and they say that we are a set of respectable nobodies. All I can observe, in reply, is that the nobodies having waited 300 years for the somebodies, have ventured to do something, and if blame is to be given surely the blame ought not to attach to us; rather let our ill-natured critics give it to those great social and literary somebodies who have done nothing. Many great somebodies would have been willing enough to have joined our ranks if we had not decided to admit those only who were willing and able to give some real assistance; we don't want names only, however great they may be. How many similar projects have been started, with long lists of committees, and patrons, and presidents—great and illustrious names, and names only—which have collapsed because the real hard-working element has been overwhelmed by the ornamental superstructure. No," continued the Mayor of Stratford, "we have taken upon us a task. We know how difficult and great that task is, and we are ever ready to welcome those to share it who are earnestly able and willing to serve its purpose, but I trust that we shall never commit the mistake—a mistake which has been fatal in other instances—of entrusting our work to a paid staff under the nominal supervision of a long list of names, however great and however noble they may be. We know that they are not for many reasons—from want of interest, from want of time, and from many other causes—able to give that control, that work, and that energy which such a task as this requires."

Referring to the objection urged in several of our contemporaries that the project was merely local, Mr. Flowers said—"How can you have a true memorial which is not in some degree local? You may have statues of Shakespeare in London, in New York, in Melbourne, anywhere. You have hundreds of them, but they are not statues to him. You may have a national theatre, a dramatic college, or many other institutions in any part of the country, but you cannot make them memorials of the man unless they have some association with his birth, his life, and his death. If you take away the personal association it is impossible that you can have a true memorial to him. You might as well endeavour to stop the visits of thousands to his grave by saying 'Shakespeare is not dead.' It is quite true his works live for ever, but that fact will not stop the tide of pilgrims to his tomb. Can you suppose that the statue of Shakespeare, for which a large committee was started in London fifteen years ago, who received many hundreds of pounds of subscriptions—can you conceive that they, or the dramatic college, should have met the fate which they have done, if they had had some local or provincial enthusiasm connected with them—I do not mean of this town only, but of any town in England? Can you believe that they would have met the fate that they have done? I believe that the local enthusiasm which has expended itself upon a Memorial in its present form, would have been equally ready to welcome any other appropriate form if it had been proposed to it, but, instead of that, it has been despised. We have not forestalled others in our task, we have simply taken up the work because others have not done so. I am sure that the members of this association would have been most delighted if they could have shifted the responsibility and the labour, not to add the expense, to other shoulders. But this I will say—that the Memorial being established, we may depend upon that local enthusiasm, which has been so much despised, to insure its being carried on usefully and honourably."

After the Mayor's speech, Mr. Rathbone, M.P., proposing "The Drama," spoke about the Church in connection with it, said most flattering things of the Rev. Canon Mayne, to his face; argued that if many years ago it could be said with truth that the drama was dead in England, such a saying was no longer applicable, because Shakespeare's plays were now performed, and no longer spelt ruin to managers; complimented Mrs. Theodore Martin as an actress; maintained that English life and character formed models for modern dramatists as good as those Shakespeare studied from; and hoped to meet those present in a similar spirit ten years hence. Mr. Chatterton, in reply, modestly said his profession, regarded from both the literary and histrionic view, was "one of the most pure and noble institutions which adorn society;" and, after running through a laudatory list of the great dramatists and actors we can boast of, living and dead, concluded by saying he regarded the stage as "in every way" on a level with the Church! Then Mr. J. J. Nason, proposed, as another toast, "The Visitors," in a speech scarcely worth reporting so long after its delivery, to which Mr. Archer, R.S.A., responded in a very able and eloquent speech. After which Lord Leigh proposed as the last toast, "The Lord High Steward, the Mayor, and the Corporation of Stratford," in a

simple, straightforward speech, full of hearty earnestness and sincerity.

All the speeches were interrupted by frequent marks of approval, and each of the toasts was received with cheers and drank with enthusiasm.

The theatre on Wednesday evening looked particularly pleasing, filled as it was with a fashionably-attired audience (a description and engravings of it will be found on other pages), the orchestra was well filled from the London theatres, and the Shakespearian overture, written by Mr. Barnard, was thoroughly appreciated. A picturesque drop scene by Mr. Beverley, very cleverly painted, represented the Bankside, Southwark, on the occasion of a royal visit to Shakespeare's Theatre (the Globe), in which Ned Alleyn, the poet's friend and fellow player, the Earls of Leicester and Southampton, and various other historical personages figure, together with a tavern, which ought to be the Falcon, but isn't. In other respects Mr. Beverley might have consulted contemporary authorities as to the exact site and surrounding of the old Globe Theatre, with advantage, and given us, instead of a view so largely ideal, one more accurately realising the exact features of the spot in Shakespeare's time, more especially as the requisite authorities are well known and easy of access.

An opening address, written for the occasion by Dr. Westland Marston, was recited with earnestness and fairly good elocutionary effect by Miss Kate Field. Space being scarce in the I. S. & D. N., I quote from it merely the opening and closing lines:—

To-day—the day that marks our Shakespeare's birth,
In this new fane raised on his native earth,
We greet you, friends. Here, trust we, with each aid
Our later arts afford, shall be displayed
The events and beings that his fancy drew
Amidst the scenes which met his actual view;
And where of yore his mortal voice was heard,
A thousand hearts be by his spirit stirred—
That spirit, clear, profound, which ne'er mistook
One line, one phrase of Nature's varied book;
Solved all its meanings, secret or perplexed,
And found the cipher easy as the text.

Here, too, when stands our pile complete and fair,
Shall loving students of the bard repair.
A Library shall unfold its willing door
To you who prize his genius, and the lore
That lends it illustration. Art shall vie
With art to image in our Gallery
Each type of beauty and each grand conception.
Sculpture, with vocal look and hushed suggestion,
Shall strive with vivid painting to retain
In visible forms the offspring of his brain,
Till from the stone, the canvas, or the page
You once more turn to greet upon our stage
In breathing shapes his high imaginings,
To hear his strain resound from living strings—
Chords that are human fibres—well content
That man—his theme—should be his instrument.

Imperial mind that wear't the diadem
Of all our being, and each separate gem
Of lesser crowns dost in thine own combine—
King of earth's kingly spirits, who dost shine
In thy completeness sole, beyond compare,
Without an ancestor, without an heir,
From us thou needest naught. The worshipper
Who erst adored the sun might not confer
On him one added ray—nor we on thee!
Yet, 'tis a grace in our humanity,
To show in outward forms the inward sense
That genius wakes of love or reverence,
And when the narrow heart would check the sign
Of these high promptings, they themselves decline.

Therefore to Avon's banks, where oft he fared
In boyhood, where his willing steps repaired—
Life's glorious toil fulfilled—to-day we come—
In the Man's birthplace raise the Poet's home,
And give him here (though wide as earth his fame)
"A local habitation and a name!"

The comedy, *Much Ado About Nothing* (selected with no special and kindly eye to certain mad wags who do so want to be satirical, but to enable us to see Helen Faucit once more on the stage in a part she made greatly her own), was cast as follows:—

Benedick	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN.
Don Pedro	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE.
Don John	Mr. HERBERT JENNER.
Claudio	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.
Leonato	Mr. RYDER.
Antonio	Mr. B. ROBBINS.
Balthazar	Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS.
Baruchio	Mr. JAMES WHEELER.
Conrade	Mr. G. WESTON.
Dogberry	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS.
Verges	Mr. FRANK BARSBY.
Oatcake	Mr. J. MORRIS.
Senechal	Mr. F. HUGHES.
Friar	Mr. H. J. TURNER.
Beatrice	Mrs. THEODORE MARTIN.
Hero	Miss WALLIS.
Margaret	Miss GOLLIERE.
Ursula	Miss HUDSPETH.

Mrs. Martin (Miss Helen Faucit), Miss Wallis, and Mr. Barry Sullivan were received with enthusiastic applause, and the lady first-named received an ovation of the most gratifying description. Her performance, I need hardly say, was one of the highest order of histrionic merit, and her reappearance, after so long an absence from the boards, excited the greatest interest. The scenery, painted by Mr. Lloyds, was artistic and effective, and the costumes, by Mr. May, were well designed and of a picturesque character.

On the Thursday evening *Hamlet* was performed. I need hardly say anything of a conception and performance so well known as Mr. Sullivan's *Hamlet*, and the Ophelia of Miss Wallis has been so recently before London and provincial audiences, that I need not add to the warm praise she has deservedly received, or the criticism which has dealt with her obvious shortcomings. Ophelia, with her quaint old scraps of songs unsung, and her incoherent speeches made almost consistent by the intense expression and feeling they are made to suggest, is not the poor, fond creature, whose wandering wits and changeable scraps of emotion so pathetically and truthfully realise madness. The Ophelia of Miss Wallis, fine as it was in the opening scenes, ceased to be Shakespeare's grand creation in the mad scene. Mr. Edward Compton, as Laertes, played with great effect, and fully justified the applause which was so frequently and heartily awarded him.

On the Friday evening was given in the new theatre a concert of miscellaneous Shakespearian music, but they left out the music of *Macbeth* and gave us in its place those stupid, ill-written, tasteless, and vulgar lines of a song, written for the Shakespeare Jubilee of 1769, by, I am sorry to add, David Garrick, and set to music worthy of it by Charles Dibdin, of which again I am sorry. By-the-bye, Miss Kate Field was announced in my programme as an amateur, why doesn't somebody convince her that it is an aggravation, rather than a mitigation of her offence, to plead unfitness for a position into which she thrusts herself, or is unwisely thrust by injudicious or foolish friends. Amongst amateur friends in a private room I might enjoy Miss Field's singing, and applaud it lustily. When she appears upon the stage amongst high-class professional vocalists, the inclination I feel is to hiss, and that, too, right viciously. On Saturday afternoon *Hamlet* was repeated with the cast as before, and on Monday afternoon Mr. Samuel Brandram read *The Tempest*, Miss de Fonblanque singing the incidental songs to Mr. Stanley Betjemann's accompaniment; and in the evening *Much Ado About*

Nothing, with Miss Wallis in the leading part, was re-produced. On Tuesday, there was another performance of *Hamlet*, and on Wednesday, April 30th, *As You Like It* was performed, with Mr. Sullivan as Jacques, and Miss Wallis as Rosalind. I am compelled to hurry over these performances, the space allotted to me being already more than filled.

A. H. DOUBLETYEV.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN, whose portrait adorns our title-page, is a native of Plymouth. Her father is a skilful musician, and carefully trained her in the art of music. Her first appearance in public was made, when she was but eight years old, at a concert given on behalf of the blind, in St. James's Hall, Plymouth. She sang "Angels ever bright and fair," and met with an enthusiastic reception. She subsequently appeared at numerous concerts in small provincial towns, and in 1876 was engaged by Mr. Durand to play second parts in his English Opera Company, and was re-engaged as prima-donna. After a tour with Madame Blanche C  le, she was engaged as principal contralto and mezzo soprano in the Rose Hersee Opera Company, and played Cherubino, Lazarillo, &c., at the Crystal Palace and the chief provincial towns with great success. Last year she was engaged to play Germaine in *Les Cloches de Corneville*, at the Globe Theatre and in the provinces. Her recent success at the Strand Theatre, in the title-character of Madame Favart, has been recorded in our musical columns. Her voice is a mezzo soprano contralto, of pure sympathetic quality, and extensive compass, extending from G below the staff to C in alt. She has played in twenty-five operas, and has become a great favourite in the provinces. That she will be equally popular and attractive in the metropolis cannot be doubted, and it is to be hoped that so good an artist may be ultimately secured as a valuable recruit to the cause of legitimate English opera.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN AND THE INTERNATIONAL AT SANDOWN.

Mr. Sturgess's sketches this week represent the two principal contests of last week, the City and Suburban and the International Steeplechase at Sandown. The easy win of the ugly Parole is now more than a twice-told tale, though possibly owners of racehorses have not taken to heart the moral that is to be deduced from the success of the American horse. That early maturity means early decay, is a truth perfectly incontrovertible except inasmuch as if a colt is run off his legs as a two-year-old he is never likely to reach his full maturity. We are inclined to think that from year to year there is a decline in the number of five and six-year-olds that do any credit to themselves and bring any profit to their owners, though (the circumstance is commented on in a "Circular Note") there is no diminution in the money that is provided to be run for.

The race for the International at Sandown was an excellent one. For the first three-and-a-half miles five or six horses were running together, and any one of them seemed to have a chance. At the brook the first time round all got over with the exception of a rider in black and blue sleeves, who lost his seat, fell heavily, and was dragged for several yards before his foot could be disentangled from the stirrup iron. The horse came on riderless, cantered to the next fence—the hedge with a rail on the taking-off side—and seemed inclined to jump it of his own accord, but hesitated long enough to enable a man to get hold of his reins. It is this incident that Mr. Sturgess has shown.

THE RULING PASSION.

There is abundant proof of such occurrences as that here depicted. In "Covertsides Sketches" an instance is given of a fox, while pursued by hounds, snatching up a chicken; and in the "Life of the Rev. John Russell," which was lately reviewed in these columns, other instances are given.

"Russell had found a fox, one fine scented morning, on the outskirts of the moor, and was bringing him at a trimming pace over the wide heathery waste of Hawkrigge Common, and thence into the hanging woods that crown the Barle with such majestic scenery, when Russell's ear was attracted by the wild screams of a woman, apparently in the greatest distress. The hounds at that moment were running apparently exactly in the direction of the hubbub; and as Russell rode up to the spot, he beheld a woman rushing frantically after them; and, catching sight of him, she exclaimed, in a voice of agony, 'Oh! Mr. Russell! that there fox hath tookt away our little specklety hen; I seed un snap un up, and away to go I did!'

"Then," said Russell, 'I'll kill him, and give you another hen;' and on he went with the hounds.

"And die he did, directly afterwards, for within two gunshots of the spot, just over the Barle, the hounds ran into him; while the dishevelled carcass of the 'poor specklety hen,' still warm with life, was picked up by the disconsolate owner, bringing the deed home, without a doubt, to the rapacity of that hunted fox."

The run had been one of an hour and forty minutes, without a check. The woman was a poor charcoal-burner's wife, and it need not be said was amply rewarded for her loss.

In the same article is the following anecdote of Mr. John King, of Fowlescombe, at one time Master of the Hambleton Hounds in Hants:—"He had been running a fox merrily for upwards of forty minutes; and coming up to a farmyard, by which he was making a short cut, he saw the fox dash into a flock of ducks, seize a mallard just below the green of his neck, and carry him off across a large field, when the hounds, running into him, Mr. King picked up the mallard, then quivering in its last gasp, and restored it to its owner."

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

We were reading the other day in Oxberry's "Historical Anecdotes," which has no date, an account of the great doings organised by the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespearean Club as a Triennial Commemorative Festival on St. George's Day (Monday, April 23rd) and two days following. On that occasion the great event was laying the chief corner-stone of a partly-erected new theatre by the Mayor (Mr. F. Canning) and the Corporation. Stage-coaches came in heavily loaded from London, Birmingham, Warwick, and Leamington, with vehicles of all kinds from the adjacent villages. Bands of music paraded the streets at six o'clock on the Monday morning, while the church bells rang a merry peal, and cannons were fired to usher in the day. At eleven o'clock a grand pageant of Shakespeare's dramatic characters, personated by actors belonging to the company of a popular provincial manager named Raymond, and forming part of a long procession, including members of the club wearing medals struck for the occasion, some allegorical groups, flags, banners, and military bands, passed through the town to halt in front of Shakespeare's birthplace. There hustings had been erected and speeches were made, after which the procession resumed its way to the church, where the lines on Shakespeare's gravestone, set to solemn music by

Dignum, were sung by a choir of musical amateurs. After divine service the procession, in all its splendour of armour, quaint costumes, chariots, and gleaming banners, went to the theatre aforesaid, where the masonic forms were observed, and some music from *Macbeth* was sung. Then followed the feasting and concerts, fireworks, and, on one of the evenings, a grand masquerade-ball in a huge booth erected for the occasion. This theatre was called "The Shakespeare Theatre," and its fate is well known. It was intended to be a memorial building, and great was the rejoicing when it was opened.

The new theatre stands nearly opposite the site occupied by the old theatre thus inaugurated, which was taken down about seven years ago. It will accommodate about 1,000 persons, is compact and handsome, and in acoustic properties and facilities for seeing will satisfy the keenest critic; in ventilation and means of exit it is equal to the demands of the Lord Chamberlain; in interior decoration and appointments it will be quite up to the standard of the metropolis, although at present it remains in the perfectly plain unornamented condition shown in our engraving. The length from north to south is 94 feet; from east to west 79 feet, inclusive of projections for tower and turret. The tower, not yet erected, from the base to the top of the vane will be over 100ft in height. The north end is occupied by the stage, the proscenium of which is 24ft by 26ft. The stage is 53ft by 46ft. On the mezzanine floor there are seven dressing-rooms. The west side is appropriated to the ladies, and the east to the gentlemen. Under the pit, on the same floor, is a spacious apartment to be used for storage purposes. The stage is on the ground floor; at the back of it are the property-room and green-room. The width of the proscenium is 26ft, the height 27ft 6in. The pit is 36ft by 38ft, horse-shoe in form, and supported by massive brick piers and wrought-iron girders. At the back of the pit there are stairs communicating with the south entrance. The pit has on the outside a corridor 5ft. wide, having three doorways, exclusive of the principal entrance. The pit corridor and vestibule are laid with selected tile paving floated in cement. Adjoining the vestibule is a ladies' cloak-room; solid York moulded steps, having ornamental iron balusters, English oak handrail and moulded dado framing, lead from the vestibule to the dress circle, which affords accommodation for four tiers of chairs. Above the dress circle is the gallery, consisting of four rows of raised seats, supported by wrought iron girders, and extending over the pit to the same line as the dress circle; running round the back is a corridor similar to that communicating with the pit. On the same level are the "flies" and artists' room. The roof over the auditorium is supported by massive wrought-iron principals; that over the stage is of a lighter description, the principals and tie-beams being bolted together with iron rods, shoes, and straps. The roof is Eureka green slates. There is a circular turret on the east side of the building, the height of which is 64ft., and which affords private communication from the mezzanine floor to the dress circle, gallery, and flies, and also communicates with the stage. The tower will have three rooms. A large iron tank carried on wrought iron girders affords provision in case of fire. The auditorium is lighted by a sun burner. The building is of red brick, with stone dressings. All the stairs and landings are of hard York stone, and the woodwork generally of Christiania yellow pine. There is dado framing to the vestibule, orchestra stalls, and gallery. From the line of concrete to the final of the principal tower the height is 113ft. On the south side of the building from the concrete to the eaves is a distance of 42ft. of which there are 34ft of brick and stone work surmounted by rustic work set out on stone brackets, forming the corridor to the gallery. The walls average 3ft in thickness, and those of the tower 3ft 6in. A notable feature is that all the doors open outwards. The style of the memorial is principally early Elizabethan, which will harmonise in some measure with Shakespeare's House. When the picture-gallery is complete the main entrance will open into it, and there will be a grand staircase under some noble arches leading from it to the theatre (a drawing of this will be found in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition). There will be a grand saloon, smoking-room and lounge, &c., easily accessible, and on a level with the dress-circle. The decoration of the interior of the house will chiefly consist of white and gold, relieved with delicate tints of colour on dark grounds. The architects are Messrs. Dodgshun and Unsworth, of Westminster. Our engravings are from photographs taken a few days since.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

UNSEASONABLE weather has militated against anything out of the common taking place in the cricket world, the information to hand concerning the pastime being only as to the engagements of professionals, the notice of the postponement of the match, (Alfred Shaw's team v. Fifteen of London), and small club events.

Cambridge cricketers are beginning to get together their teams, the college elevens being opposed by sixteen freshmen, whilst in the provinces, more especially near Sheffield and Leeds, heaps of club contests take place thus early.

First on my list for discussion in athletics stands the annual *assaut d'armes* of the 38th Middlesex R. V., better known as The Artists. As usual, the attendance was above the average, ladies being pleasantly conspicuous. No fewer than twenty events were decided, and therefore I cannot do more than state that skill was shown all round, that amongst the performers were such well-known boxers as H. Brinsmead, J. H. Douglas, A. Bultitude, and G. Garland, and that E. S. Longford as hon. sec., and Major Busk, M.C. left nothing undone to please everyone.

Notts Forest Sports were held on Saturday at the Trent Bridge Grounds, and were remarkably well attended. G. T. Dobell, of Stoke-on-Trent, was successful in the Hundred Yards Race and 750 Yards Steeplechase. S. Widdowson, the well-known Notts football player, won the Quarter of a Mile Level Steeplechase, beating H. M. Oliver, but in the hurdles he had to succumb to A. Barker, L.A.C. A. Marriott secured the Walking Race, and Nottingham also provided winners in the 120 Yards Handicap, 550 Yards Steeplechase, and Quarter of a Mile Handicap, they being W. H. Thacker, T. W. Davis, and Bishop. On good authority I hear the handicapping was far from good.

A. McEwen, of Manchester, must be a credit to Cottonopolis; he started in the One Mile Handicap for Amateurs, at the Manchester and Salford sports on Saturday, with 120 yards start, and came in first; but he was seen to drop out at the half distance and then join in the finish after having a rest. He was disqualified, my report says, but surely some further notice will be taken of his cheating.

It was decided at the Skating Association Meeting at Cambridge, on Saturday last, that, any person being a British subject, and any foreigner, at the option of the committee, should be allowed to compete for the Skating Championship, under conditions which it is not necessary for me to give until the next frost sets in.

Absence from the Metropolis unfortunately prevented my attending the Surrey Bicycle Club meeting at Kennington Oval,

last Saturday, but a friend, who represented me, writes that the *r  union* was as successful, well-managed, and productive of good sport as it always is. Three events produced a full programme, first and foremost coming the One Mile Open Handicap, for which there were sixty entries, who were classed in eleven heats, a second round of two, and a final. In the last-named, J. R. Hamilton, Druids B.C., 85 yards; F. S. Colman, London B.C., 120 yards; J. J. Howse, West London B.C., 120 yards, proved the successful riders, they passing the judge in the order given; time, 3min 20sec. F. T. East, from scratch, next secured the Wareham Ten Miles Challenge Cup, J. F. Griffiths, 300 yards start, being second, and G. R. Oxx, 440 yards, third; time, 19min 35sec. Last, but not least, comes the Ten Miles Open Scratch Race, during which the closeness of the contest drove the numerous spectators all but frantic, as although only two finished out of the seven who started, they were a tower of strength in themselves, viz., H. L. Cortes, Wanderers, and A. C. Derkinderen, Tower Hamlets, the former just winning by two yards in 40min 12sec.

Two races were held the same afternoon at the Alexandra Palace, in connection with the Atalanta Club, both of them falling to J. T. Cryer, who in each instance was followed home by H. Alexander.

Another six days' bicycle competition was started on Monday last, the day lasting from 6 a.m. until 12 p.m. Ten men out of a numerous entry were selected to compete, and of these W. Cann, Sheffield; C. Terront, champion of France; David Stanton; H. Higham, Nottingham; F. J. Lees, Sheffield; T. Andrews, Birmingham; F. White, Wolverhampton; G. Waller, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Evans of Portsmouth, were despatched by the referee, Mr. G. W. Atkinson, at six a.m. punctually. Seven minutes after the start Cann fell heavily and brought down the Frenchman, and although the former resumed his work on another machine, he had to again stop, and this time for good, it being found that the wrist of his right-arm was partially, if not wholly, fractured. As at the time of writing barely half time has arrived, I shall content myself with stating that now Cann has been disabled either Stanton or White will prove the victor, with Waller or Andrews next.

The match, John Roberts, jun., v. Joseph Bennett, the latter being in receipt of 200 points in 3,000, for £200, has at length been definitely fixed for Friday, Saturday, and Monday, May 23rd, 24th, and 26th, at St. James's Hall.

That ten miles race between Price of Kennington, and Livingstone at Lillie Bridge on Saturday, was about the only good thing that has taken place there this year, but even that could not go off without a hitch as a foul at the finish caused an objection, and as darkness had set in and the referee could not see who was in fault, he has ordered them to run again on May 10.

Close upon five thousand persons witnessed the final tie for the Staffordshire Football Association Challenge Cup on Saturday, between Stoke-on-Trent and Cobridge, the former winning after a grand game by two goals to one.

Only the Vale of Leven appeared on the Glasgow ground on Saturday, to decide their drawn match against the Rangers for the Scottish Association Challenge Cup, the latter having appealed to the Association over a disputed goal.

Gale concluded his stay at Leicester on Saturday last, leaving the track at 10:37:38, having completed exactly 1,430 miles, having been then walking 572 hours. He was out betimes in the morning, and had a stroll over the racecourse before breakfast. Gale was far from well patronised, and his managers, Smith and Wood, of Hull, have injured his prospects and reputation by their mismanagement—to use a mild term. This is an unpleasant topic, but it is only fair for me to notice the fact and place the plucky ped, right in the eyes of the public. On Sunday, by the 5.30 p.m. train, we made our way by rail to Bradford. Gale walks under cover, which does not suit him so well as the open; but yet he is progressing wonderfully well, and is confident of success, having covered, at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening 1,600 miles. He has been fairly well patronised, but not to the extent that Weston was.

After having been placed twice, Blower Brown, of Fulham, on Saturday night reached the acme of his ambition by securing the second belt presented by Sir John Astley, in a make-the-best-of-your-way for six days' competition, originally won by Corkey. The holder was also challenged by George Hazael and E. P. Weston, but none of the trio could get near "Blower," who knocked all past records "into a cocked hat" by covering 542 miles, Hazael was second with 492 miles, Corkey third with 473 miles, and Weston with 450 miles. Instead of being the first to leave the track Brown was the last, and then appeared so fresh that there is not the slightest doubt but that he could have easily beaten 550 miles, and a bit more as well.

Rowing or sculling I have not much to talk about this week, but in my next I shall have to discuss the Hawdon and Hanlon match which takes place on the Tyne next Monday. Months back I expressed my opinion that the Northerner would win, and it is scarcely necessary therefore for me to recapitulate them.

Why the hon. sec. of the Clapton Beagles should send a report of last Saturday's proceedings to me second-hand I am quite at a loss to discover, but as it has come I will endeavour to give a short notice of the Five Miles Members' Steeplechase. There were eighteen entries, only four of whom failed to put in an appearance, and W. L. Amlot, 95sec, who ran in grand form, got home first; C. W. Jenkins, 4min 40sec; W. S. Suffell, 30sec; J. E. Dixon, 40sec; G. Pescod, 30sec, being the next four. The hon. sec. informs me, in a lengthy report, that the distinguishing features of the competition were "the magnificent running of Suffell, the wonderful improvement of W. L. Amlot, that Futeher (whose name does not appear in the list of starters, although he is placed) proved himself far the best man at the jumps, and that it was unfortunate that the scratch man lost his shoes." The prizes will be presented at the club's half-yearly supper at the Downs Hotel, Clapton, on Tuesday, May 6th.

The Blackheath Harriers hold their annual dinner on Tuesday next, May 6, at the Lombard Restaurant, Mr. J. Oastler, president, in the chair.

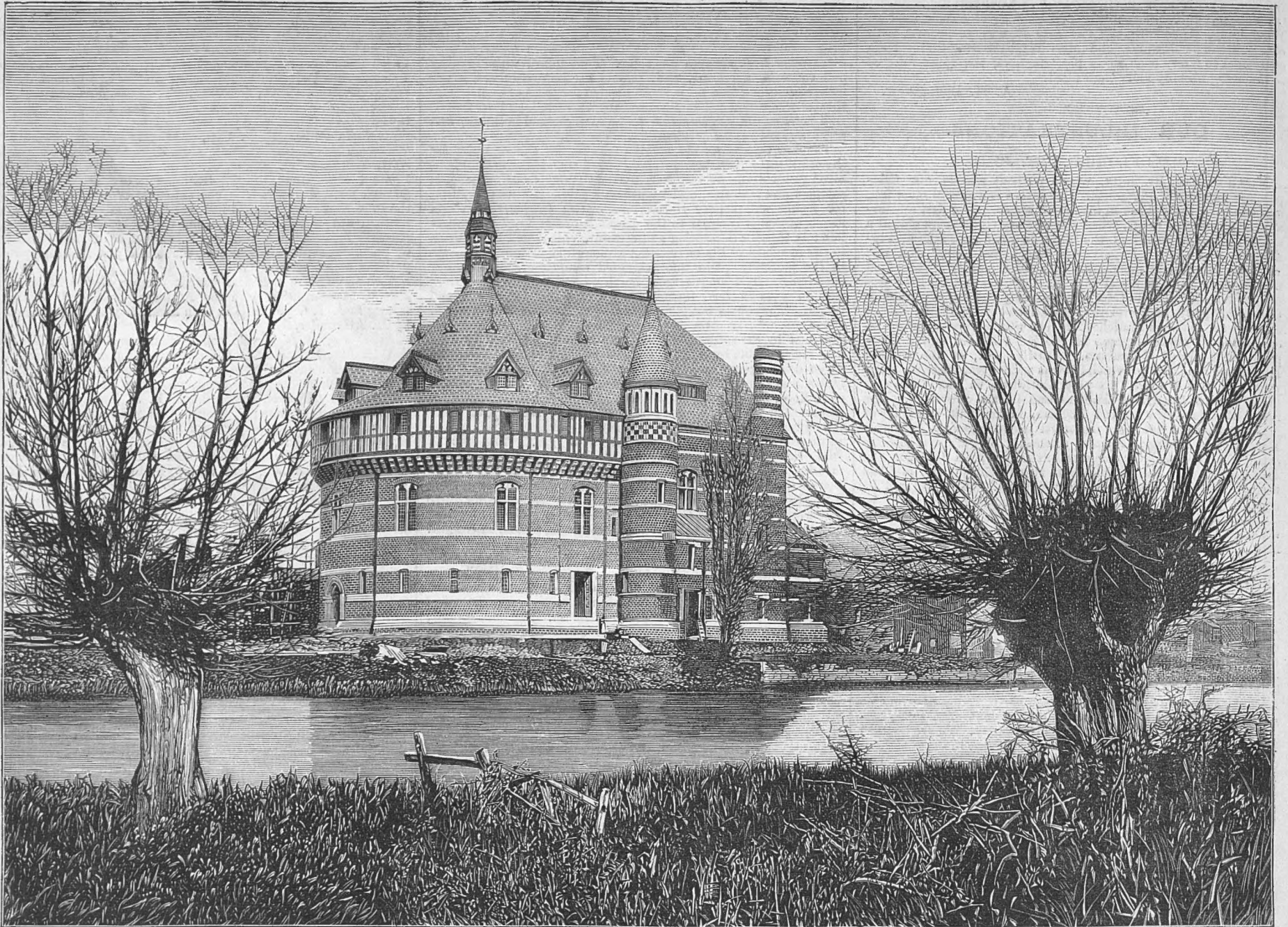
Yet another member of the "Fourth" has gone to his long rest. Poor "Jack" Knott, once well known as athletic editor of the *Sportsman*, and recently attached to Mr. J. Capp's turf staff, passed away last Sunday. He was an intimate friend of myself and the first contributor of this article, and I can only say that I never knew a firmer friend or more jovial companion. No one ever spoke ill of him even when alive. He was but thirty-two, and leaves a wife and four children totally unprovided for.

A strange coincidence occurred last Saturday. Both Bibby and Acton, the two celebrated wrestlers, lost their father on that day, but I hear on trustworthy authority that their match will not be allowed to fall through next Saturday.

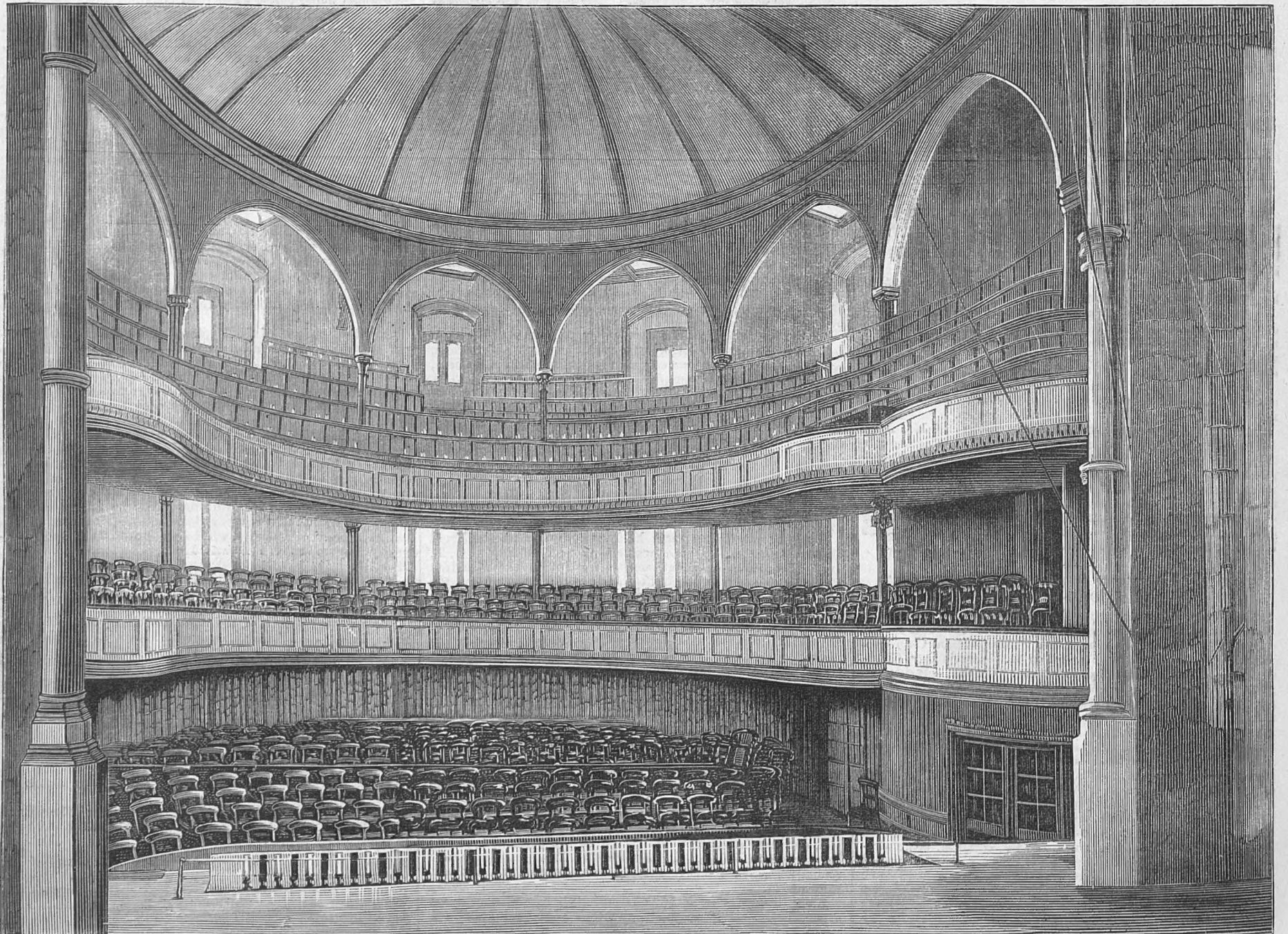
The Waddell testimonial is apparently somewhat of a frost, if one is to judge from the repeated reminders of the closing time in the sporting papers.

EXON.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Advrt.]



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, INAUGURATED APRIL 23, 1879.



INTERIOR OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

La Traviata was produced at Covent Garden on Saturday last for the debut of Mdle. Heilbron as Violetta—the character in which she first appeared in England, five seasons back. She has profited by her subsequent experience, and is now a thoroughly accomplished artist. There was nothing in her performance to call for special criticism, and her impersonation of the wretched courtesan was completely conventional; but we must not expect much novelty in modern impersonations of the character, and it is due to Mdle. Heilbron to say that she proved herself fully competent, both as actress and singer. Alfredo Germont is one of M. Capoul's best rôles, but he failed to render that contemptible personage endurable. Signor Graziani was the Giorgio Germont, and the minor characters were well filled.

Il Trovatore was produced on Monday last under circumstances of unusual interest, three of the principal parts being filled by artists who have recently made their debuts in England, and the ballet music composed for this opera by Signor Verdi being performed for the first time in this country. Mdle. Turolla, as Leonora, made a decided success, although her execution of florid passages was not completely satisfactory. Considering that she is barely out of her teens, her progress is remarkable, and careful study will soon enable her to attain the higher graces of vocalisation. She charmed her audience by the impassioned earnestness of her acting and declamation and the fine quality of her rich sympathetic voice; and the applause bestowed upon her was plentiful and genuine. The Manrico was Signor Sylva, and a less interesting *Trovatore* has seldom been seen. Whether he made love, or threatened vengeance, his acting was uniformly conventional, and his singing confirmed the impression that he is rather a barytone than a tenor. He sang "Di quella Pira" in B flat, instead of C, and although he shouted loud enough he produced no real effect, and the usual call before the curtain was withheld. In "Ah si ben mio" he introduced some old-fashioned and inappropriate shakes, and sacrificed the sentiment of the aria for the sake of displaying his executive powers. He has considerable physical strength, but singers who shout when they should sing—especially barytones who try to turn themselves into tenors—must pay the penalty in acquiring an involuntary tremolo, and Signor Sylva, on Monday last, exemplified this fact continually. It is not likely that he will become popular in England, where the tremolo is detested, and where it is expected that *soi-disant* tenors shall possess real tenor voices. The Azucena was Mdle. Pasqua, whose acting was worthy of hearty praise, but whose voice was not equal to the demands upon it; being weak in the lower, and screaming in the upper notes. If she should succeed in acquiring the power and quality of tone in which she is at present deficient she may reach a high position, but with her present limited compass it is doubtful whether she will find many rôles in which she will prove completely acceptable. Of her dramatic instinct there can be little doubt. Signor Cotogni being indisposed, the part of the Conte di Luna was taken by Signor Carbone, who sang and acted in good style. The new *ballet divertissement* introduced at the commencement of the third act, afforded opportunities for graceful dancing by the Mdles. Reuter and the *corps de ballet*, but the music was disappointing, being—with few exceptions—so dull and commonplace that it was difficult to believe it came from the pen which wrote the ballet music of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Anything, however, which can enliven so gloomy and so hackneyed a work as *Il Trovatore* must be

welcomed. Signor Vianesi conducted with great ability, but it is a pity that he does not resist the tendency of operatic singers to drag the time, and to dwell unconsciously long on their favourite notes. This has within the last few years become a crying evil, and it is time the practice should be checked.



MR. C. E. FLOWER,

President of the Shakespeare Club, and Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon.

There are occasions when, for the sake of expression or emphasis, it is desirable that a singer should hold on to a note, and composers take care to mark such passages accordingly; but when singers who prefer vocal display to correct phrasing destroy the swing of a melody by "holding" notes which the composer intended to be sung in correct time, the effect is displeasing and often irritating, and it is the duty of musicians—especially of operatic conductors—to protest.

Ernani was produced on Tuesday last, and the title character was impersonated by Signor Gayarré with signal success. His acting was impassioned and impressive; his singing was admirable, and he has hardly ever appeared to greater advantage. M. Maurel made his *rentrée* in the rôle of Charles V., in which he has no rival. His assumption of regal dignity of deportment

was excellent, and was equally well preserved in the indignant "Lo vedremo," the tender "Vieni mero," and the famous apostrophe to Charlemagne, in the finale of the third act. The tremolo which used occasionally to mar the effect of M. Maurel's singing had almost entirely disappeared, his fine voice was in perfect order, and his finished art elicited hearty and well-merited applause. Signor Vidal made but a moderate success as Don Silva, and the air, "Infelice," which usually produces a great effect when sung by a genuine basso profondo, passed off with scarcely any applause. Signor Bevigiani (his first appearance this season) was warmly greeted on entering the orchestra, and conducted in his usual able manner.

Mdle. Zare Thalberg comes last, but not least, under notice, and is entitled to special mention. Her successes have hitherto been made in those juvenile characters—such as Cherubino, Adina, and the two Zerlinas of Mozart and Auber—which seem most suitable to so youthful an artist; and it appears strange that for her second appearance this season the very exacting tragic rôle of Elvira should be selected. If it was intended to put her popularity to a severe test, the result was a triumph for the young *prima donna*. She has made decided progress as an actress since she appeared last year in this rôle, and her beautiful voice has increased in power without any detriment to its delightfully sympathetic quality. Her lower notes had the richness of a contralto voice, and she reached D in alt with the utmost facility. She was evidently very nervous, but before she had proceeded far in her *aria d' intrata* ("Ernani, involami") she recovered her self-possession, and the trying air was sung so admirably that the audience rewarded her with enthusiastic applause, followed by calls for an encore, which was prevented by the persistence of the choristers. In the concerted music Mdle. Thalberg was equally successful, and even the noisy instrumentation characteristic of Verdi's early works could not overpower her rich, penetrating voice. So young an artist could hardly be expected to display the tragic power demanded in the rôle of Elvira, but as a vocalist she made a great advance in general favour, and we shall now be additionally desirous to see her in the juvenile characters for which at present she is best fitted.

Fra Diavolo was announced for Thursday last for the debut of Mdle. Valleria as Zerlina—too late for notice this week. *Tannhäuser* will be produced to-night, *Les Huguenots* will be repeated on Monday, and on Tuesday *Lucia* will be produced for the *rentrée* of the queen of singers, Madame Adelina Patti.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday last the first performance this season of Her Majesty's Opera Company was given, and the opera selected for the occasion was M. Bizet's *Carmen*, the work which turned the fortunes of Her Majesty's Opera last season. The popularity of this opera, and the fact that the artists by whom it had been recently performed in America were all at hand, probably caused it to be chosen, and the wisdom of the choice was attested by the enthusiastic reception given to it by the large audience. Miss Minnie Hauk resumed the rôle of *Carmen*, of which she was the first interpreter in this country. She was as fascinating and successful as ever, although it may be doubted whether she sings the music as well as it was sung by Madame Trebelli, or acts the part with the piquancy and power displayed by Madame Dolaro, whose impersonation of *Carmen* will be long remembered as a brilliant and intellectual display of histrionic art. In the terrible finale of the last act Miss Hauk's acting has never been surpassed, and throughout the opera she elicited well-merited and abundant applause. Madame Sinico, although evidently suffering from indisposition, made a highly successful *rentrée* in



SCENE FROM "HAMLET," (ACT I, SCENE 2) AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.

the character of Micaela, and sang admirably as usual. So accomplished, versatile, and popular an artist must add to the strength of Her Majesty's Opera Company. Signor Campanini repeated his popular impersonation of José with his usual success, but was inclined to over-act the part, especially in the last act, in which his exaggeration of style often led him close to the narrow boundary which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. Signor Del Puente, as Escamillo, sang in his usual finished style. His mincing and affected deportment was unsuitable to the character of the sturdy bull-fighter, and, so far as acting is concerned, his impersonation of Escamillo was not to be compared with that presented by Mr. Walter Bolton in the English version produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Signor Franceschi, as Zuniga, made good use of his excellent voice. His love-making was too tame, but in other respects his acting was good. Madame Lablache (Mercedes), Mdle. Robiati (Pepita), Signor Rinaldini (Il Remendado), and the other minor performers were equal to their respective tasks, and the ensemble was, on the whole, good, though not equal to that provided during Mr. Carl Rosa's English Opera season. The combat between José and Escamillo was ill managed, and the cuts made in the Italian version render the plot at times incoherent. The opera was preceded by the National Anthem, in which—as afterwards—the excellent qualities of the band and chorus were clearly established, and Sir Michael Costa, who was warmly greeted, conducted in masterly style.

La Traviata was produced on Tuesday last for the *rentrées* of Mdle. Ambre as Violetta, of Signor Galassi as Giorgio Germont, and of Signor Frapoli as Alfredo Germont. Mdle. Ambre's improvement, both in singing and acting, since last season was remarkable, and she was rewarded with hearty applause. Signor Galassi sang admirably, and Signor Frapoli, who had little chance last season, made a decidedly favourable impression. His voice is a pure tenor, of pleasant quality, and has been well trained; he shows dramatic aptitude, and will be heard again with pleasure.

Carmen was to be repeated last Thursday. To-night Mdle. Marie Vanzandt will make her *début* as Zerlina, in *Il Don Giovanni*. On Monday next *Carmen* will be performed; on Tuesday *Il Trovatore*, for the *début* of Mdle. Zibia Drog as Leonora; on Thursday *La Sonnambula*, for the *rentrée* of Madame Gerster as Amina.

The first Floral Hall concert of the season will be given this (Saturday) afternoon.

We are enabled to announce that the English copyright of M. Hervé's latest and successful work, *La Marquise des Rues*, has been purchased by an English manager, and that an English adaptation of the opera will probably be produced in London this season, with Miss Kate Monroe in one of the principal characters.

Mr. Carl Rosa has returned to London. On the voyage from Hamburg he narrowly escaped shipwreck, the steamer having been run into by another vessel during a heavy fog. The boats were got out in readiness for the passengers and crew, but were not required, as by constant exertion at the pumps the influx of water was kept under. The other (unknown) vessel must have been severely damaged, as her bowsprit was left on the deck of the steamer.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—Miss Madelena Cronin announces that her pianoforte recital will take place at the Royal Academy of Music on Thursday evening, the 15th inst. Miss Cronin will be assisted upon the occasion by Miss Agnes Larkcom, the Misses Allitsen, Miss Palmer, Signor Adelmann, and Signor Erba.

A SPECIAL musical service in aid of the funds of the Royal School for Daughters of Officers in the Army, was held on Tuesday afternoon last, at St. Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge, Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Teck, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and a large assembly of distinguished military officers. The choir were assisted by the bands of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. The service commenced at 3.30 with Mendelssohn's "Andante Religioso," and both in this and Lefebvre Wely's "O Lord my God" a grand effect was produced. The "Magnificat" was specially composed by Mr. G. C. Martin, sub-organist of St. Paul's, as was also the "Nunc Dimittis," in both of which the military character of the music was strongly marked. The anthem, "O Lord, save Thy people," was taken from Arthur Sullivan's "Te Deum." An eloquent sermon was preached by Bishop Claughton, Chaplain General to the Forces, concluding with an earnest appeal for sympathetic aid for the school. On the conclusion of the sermon, Mendelssohn's "March," from *Athalie*, was rendered with magnificent effect, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's glorious oratorio, *The Messiah*, brought the service to a close. Dr. Stainer was the organist.

Mr. F. H. Cowen announces a *Matinée Musicale* (by permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley) at Dudley House, Parkham, on Monday, May 12th, to commence at 3 o'clock. The following artists will appear:—Vocalists: Mdle. Valleria, Mrs. Osgood, and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Joseph Maas, Mr. Walter Clifford, and Mr. Santley. Instrumentalists: M. Albert, Mr. Hami, Mr. F. H. Cowen, and M. Ovide Musin, whose fine performance on the violin, during a recent tour of Mr. Mapleson's Company in the provinces, was an immense and well-deserved success. The conductors will be Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. W. Gazz, and Mr. Cowen. A special feature of the concert will be the performance of Mr. Cowen's Quartette in C minor for piano and strings. Miss Cowen, whose fame as a reader is well known, will give some recitations.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The entries of implements, machinery, &c., for this exhibition, to be held in London, have now closed. They are on a very extensive scale, and far larger than those of any agricultural exhibition yet held. At the Royal Agricultural Society's great Liverpool Show in 1877, 395 exhibitors displayed their productions in 15,796ft. run (20ft. wide) in the implement yard; last year, at Bristol, 15,546ft. were occupied by 405 exhibitors; while at the forthcoming exhibition 24,002ft. have been applied for by 651 exhibitors. Provided the various rows of sheds were placed end to end, the exhibits not worked by machinery would be over three miles in length; the machinery in motion, or implements actually worked by steam engines or other means, would extend considerably more than a mile; while nearly half-a-mile will be devoted to seeds, roots, manures, feeding stuffs, and similar articles. The entries for British and foreign horses, asses, mules, cattle, sheep, pigs, goats, butter, cheese, hams, bacon, fresh and preserved meats, bees, cider, and perry do not close until the first of next month, but up till the present time the applications from intending exhibitors in these departments are understood to be very numerous, so that there is every probability that the 100 acres which comprise the site of the Exhibition will not be in excess of the actual requirements. £13,000 are offered in prizes.

DE LOCOCK'S PULMONARY WAFERS.—"Your Wafers are invaluable for the voice, throat and, chest. All persons suffering from bronchitis, hacking cough, and deprivation of rest, should take them."—From Mr. Earle, M.P.S., 22, Market-place, Hull. Price 1s. 1d.—[Adv't.]

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

A performance in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund was given on Thursday afternoon at the Haymarket, when a drama, entitled *Infatuation*, adapted from *Louise de Lignerolles* of MM. Legouvé and Dinand, by Sir Charles Young, was produced for the first time in London. The play is an interesting one, and the plot has many good points. Henri de Lignerolles and his wife, Louise, are happily married, but a shadow comes between them when the Comtesse de Givry, an old love who has infatuated Henri, appears upon the scene. This lady is the cause of Henri's infatuation, and when he makes an appointment with her his wife discovers it and insists upon being present at the interview, threatening the countess with the displeasure of her uncle, the Prince de Miré, unless she yields. The wife, husband, and the countess meet, and after a stormy interview the latter goes away ashamed, and the husband and wife are reconciled. But Henri's infatuation still continues, and in another act the countess is hidden in his house, having fled there to escape the vengeance of her husband. In this act there is a situation which would save a much weaker play though *Infatuation* does not deserve to be called weak. The husband, threatened with the vengeance of the count and of his wife's father, appeals to his wife to save him and aid in the escape of the woman who has caused all her misery. The wife, in a magnificent spirit of self-sacrifice, rises to the situation and accomplishes the deliverance of her justly-hated rival. In the last act the husband—who, as the reader will have seen, is a thoroughly despicable character—dies by the hand of the count, the curtain falling to the sound of the two shots behind the scenes; a very effective conclusion. The play, as we have said, is interesting, but it would be vastly improved if it were more completely Anglicised. Allusions to the heroine's mother and clapping about bringing "agony upon age" incite ridicule rather than sympathy. The amateur company which acted it was a good one. Mrs. Morickton played with an intensity and aplomb which many a professional actress might have envied, and showed real power in the more dramatic situations. Miss Lucy Williams, in the arduous part of the countess, acquitted herself well. There was genuine art in the way in which she cowered under the reproaches of the outraged wife, and with a little more ease, and less consciousness of her audience, her impersonation would be thoroughly satisfactory. The male characters were fairly sustained. Sir Charles Young gave an effective, though rather mannered, rendering of the part of the hero, and Mr. Gerald Young played soundly and effectively as the heroine's father. As the Prince de Miré, the uncle of the erring countess, Sir William Wiseman acted pleasantly and well: the part could scarcely have had a better representative. *Infatuation* was received with much applause, and we understand that the performance resulted in a satisfactory addition to the funds of the excellent charity in aid of which it was held.

GAIETY THEATRE.

WHEN *Niniche* was being played in Paris, with Judie in the principal character, it was said that no English adapter could deodorise so risky a piece, but Mr. Burnand has been entirely successful in his version entitled *Boulogne*, which was produced at the Gaiety, on Wednesday night. It is true that the English piece is not so amusing as the French one, but the British writer had not the same license as the authors of the original play, though Mr. Burnand has excised certain funny incidents that he might, we should fancy, have retained. The plot of the piece is an ingenious one. A Count Navariski, an old diplomatist, has married a young woman who has been a concert-hall singer at Margate, and then a famous gymnast in Paris, under the name of Zu-Zu. All would go well, in spite of the lady's flirting propensities, but while staying in Boulogne she hears that her creditors are going to sell her furniture in Paris, and certain compromising letters will be found, which have passed between her and a Polish Prince, Ladislav, and which, when made public, will let her doting husband know that he has married the notorious Zu-Zu. She is determined to go and secure them at all risks, and just then the Count receives instructions to obtain from Zu-Zu the very same letters in the interest of Prince Ladislav, who wants to marry and forget all youthful indiscretions. Thus the Count and Countess set off to Paris, unknown to each other on the same errand; and, moreover, a comic proprietor of bathing machines, named Gregoire, goes with them also to find the letters, for he has heard the instructions read to the Count, while secreted in a machine, and thinks he can make a good bargain by restoring the letters to the Countess. Yet another individual is also after the letters—a certain Mr. Flimleigh, an old lover of the Countess's who will do anything to oblige her, and so all these worthies go to Paris. The action of the next scene takes place in Zu-Zu's boudoir, and all sorts of extraordinary complications arise, which need not be described in detail. It will be sufficient to say that Gregoire personates Zu-Zu's husband, that the Countess dresses herself like the gymnast, that Gregoire is run after by a "champagne widow," who is taken by the Count to be the real Zu-Zu, that the portfolio containing the fatal letters is actually in the Count's possession for some time, and that the fun waxes fast and furious. In the end the Countess wins, Gregoire marries his widow Fiset, and is rewarded, and all goes well. As may be imagined the Gaiety Company revel in such a piece—which is simply a roaring farce in three acts. Miss Farren is as bright and amusing as ever as the Countess, and Mr. Terry clever and grotesque as Gregoire. Mr. Royce comes out quite in a new line as Flimleigh, and plays with much humour, and Mr. Elton gives a clever and most amusing sketch of the old diplomatist, proving himself a capital low comedian. Mrs. Leigh was a capital Madame Fiset, and Misses Wadman and Newham and Messrs. Strick and Squire satisfactorily fill minor parts. *Boulogne*, into which Mr. Burnand has put some funny dialogue of his own, went well, and all concerned in it, including the author, were called on, and appeared at the fall of the curtain. The burlesque of *Pretty Esmeralda* followed.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

It is seldom that a play is produced dealing with more familiar materials than *Married, not Mated*, which was first introduced to a London audience at a morning performance at the Olympic on Saturday last. Originally produced at Brighton in August, 1877, the piece has, we believe, found favour with provincial audiences, though it is not easy to see the grounds on which their approbation was founded. A certain Matthew Lambert is a chandler in the borough, who has come into money and gone to a German spa, where his son disports himself as a gentleman and his wife gives herself airs. Young Lambert is anxious to marry Maud Pentreath, the daughter of an impecunious baronet, though his cousin, Margaret Weston, who lives with his parents is pining for him. The marriage takes place, and, of course, nothing but unhappiness comes of it. Young Mrs. Lambert snubs the family into which she has married, unmercifully, and a friend of her father's leads the young husband into

speculations which ruin him. To crown all, the aristocratic wife elopes with a former lover, and there is nothing left for the Lamberts to do but to go back to the old shop. Margaret Weston, the niece, is still pining as aforesaid for young Lambert, and at last he makes up his mind to get a divorce and marry her. But that exceedingly scrupulous and irritating young woman will not marry him while his wife is alive, whether divorced or not, and she announces her intention of going to Australia. In the end, however, young Lambert's guilty wifedies, and all ends in the orthodox fashion. It is impossible to care for any one character in the piece. Young Lambert is rather a cad, Maud Pentreath is a most offensive young woman, and Margaret Weston, the virtuous heroine, is a tiresome and exasperating prude. Nor is the play rendered more acceptable by the dialogue, which lacks the tone of Society, and is too full of clap-trap, though here and there it has some smartness. The Beatrice Company is hardly equal to the performance of comedy before a London audience, whatever may be their capabilities in melodrama. Mr. Harvey, the author of the piece, was young Lambert. Mr. Appleby gave a good rendering of the part of his father, and Mr. Carter-Edwards fully appreciated the characteristics of Sir Harold Pentreath. Miss Robberds had a difficult part to play in Maud Pentreath, and rather over-did that lady's haughtiness, while Miss Eliza Saville was a somewhat affected Margaret. The piece was received with applause from a rather thin house.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Madame Dolaro has added to *The Dragons* a performance of *La Perichole*, for the sake, it is announced, of forming a musical contrast between opéra comique and opéra bouffe. The notion would be a good one but that it makes the length of the programme so considerable, and we are afraid must be extremely fatiguing to Madame Dolaro, who plays Rose Friquet and the Perichole every evening. As a representative of lyric heroines Madame Dolaro is not only unsurpassed but unapproachable; and when we call to mind the coarse and vulgar performances by well-known singers which have degraded the name of opéra bouffe, we may well appreciate and applaud a graceful and charming actress like Madame Dolaro. Her study of the Perichole is well-known, and is not unworthy of the repute she made as the representative of Carmen at Her Majesty's—a study of character which assuredly does not suffer from comparison either with Mlle. Hauk or Madame Trebelli, though Madame Dolaro's vocal power is less than that displayed by her predecessors in the part. The famous brindisi—to characterise the song mildly—would surely tempt an inferior actress to the exhibition of disagreeable features, and the manner in which Madame Dolaro steers clear of all indecacy in this trying situation is worthy of high praise. Her rendering of the character is artistic and consistent in a remarkable degree, and cannot fail to be more than popular with intelligent audiences. Mr. Campbell is, we are strongly inclined to think, with a full remembrance of those who have essayed the part hitherto, the best Piquillo that has been seen on the English stage. We do not quite compare him with M. Dupuis and some other French artists, but he will hold his own with—to say the least of it—his English brethren. Mr. Nicholls is the Viceroy, and promised to be very funny when he knew his part a little better than he did on the first night of the revival. This comedian's exceedingly diverting performance in the pantomime at the Grecian Theatre the year before last attracted the attention of those who are not often tempted so far as the City-road (in saying which we imply no discredit to the entertainments at the Grecian, which are entirely to the satisfaction of audiences). It is to be regretted that Mr. Nicholls, having a chance of making at hit at such a theatre as the Folly, should not have taken more pains; but if he is as amusing here as he was in the City-road, success is assured to him. Miss Minnie Marshall was perhaps the most successful of a host of young ladies. The opera is, altogether, competently performed and handsomely appointed. We cannot help thinking, however, that an opera and an operetta would be an ample evening's amusement, and it is to be hoped that Madame Dolaro's managerial enthusiasm will not induce her to overtax her powers.

She Stoops to Conquer will be given by Miss Litton's company at the Gaiety *matinée* to-day.

A new operatic spectacle, entitled *Venice*, will be given at the Alhambra on Monday, May 5th, in which Madame Zimeri, Miss Emma Chambers, and Mr. George Conquest will appear.

A new drama, entitled *Under Two Reigns*, by Messrs. Percival and T. Willing, junior, "who doth give us bold advertisement," will be produced at the Park Theatre on Saturday night.

The Queen's Shilling will be given for the third time at a morning performance at the Court this afternoon.

Morning performances of *Hamlet* will be given on Saturdays during this month at the Lyceum commencing to-day. They will doubtless prove vastly attractive.

The School for Scandal will be given at a *matinée* at the Haymarket this afternoon with a very strong cast.

Mr. Charles Reade is translating *L'Assommoir*, and we have seen a paragraph to the effect that he is "to do it boldly." The eminent novelist is never so happy as when calling a spade a spade, though he does not usually mention those harmless agricultural implements, and Reade and Zola will probably be as strong as audiences will stand—possibly stronger.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are to go to America in the autumn and produce there a new comic opera which will be duly protected from pirates, British and foreign. It is sure to be an enormous success.

Really some one ought to extinguish the Rev. Stewart Headlam. It is said he is now establishing a "guild" to promote "right relations between Church and Stage." What is the matter with the relations between actors and the church? Do no actors and actresses ever go to church? Such people as Mr. Headlam do far more harm than good by their ill-advised interference in such matters.

A play has been produced in the country, entitled *Seeing the World*, in which a young lady falls in love with her groom, who saves her life by stopping her horses. It may be remarked in the first place that English ladies do not fall in love with grooms even on the chance of their turning out gentleman, and, in the second, that a similar incident occurs in *The Ladies' Battle*.

Mr. H. Murray, the son of Mr. Murray, who was for many years lessee of the Old Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, is to appear at a morning performance, at the Olympic to-day, as Falstaff in *Henry IV.* (part I.).

Miss Rose Kenney will play Juliet again at a morning performance at the Princess's Theatre, to-day (Saturday). Mr. Charles Warner will be the Romeo on the occasion, supported, as the advertisements say, by a "full and legitimate company" whatever that may mean.

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[Adv't.]

TURFIANA.

THE Racecourse Licensing Bill is not, it appears, to be permitted to slip through the Lords without opposition, and doubtless certain members of the Jockey Club will be found composing the forlorn hope announced to be led by the young and chivalrous Lord St. Leonards, who will assume the Onslow rôle in the Upper Chamber. We can imagine partisans of his calibre being led away by the clasp talk in defence of the nuisances proposed to be abolished by Mr. Anderson's measure; but we hardly think the House of Lords will altogether stultify the action of the Commons, though certain clauses of the Bill may be slightly altered before the Bill finally reforms into law. It is a fact of no small significance that Lord Enfield should be the mover of its second reading, seeing that Lord Strafford, his father, is among the oldest of our turf pillars, himself formerly an owner of horses, and one of the old Glasgow school, and therefore less likely to be betrayed into any harassing or fancy legislation in racing affairs. We would ask the aristocratic opponents of the measure to consider what good they will do in endeavouring to stave off a much-needed reform, looking at the undoubted fact that the meetings against which the Bill is directed are virtually defunct; and surely they would not advocate a revival of these nuisances, however much they might feel their promoters had been unfairly treated. The action of the Jockey Club in this matter has been altogether weak and unsatisfactory, for they first of all declined to interfere, and subsequently, when they found that other measures were in course of being taken to abate an intolerable nuisance, they sought once more to have a finger in the pie, and to regain a control they were too careless or indifferent to assert. Still, fruitless opposition can only delay the inevitable fate of suburban meetings, and we are certain, as they have practically ceased to exist, no great harm will result from the ill-timed "obstruction."

Sandown Park put forth a programme as attractive as ever, both for time-killers as well as lovers of racing, and it may truthfully be termed the metropolitan Goodwood and Ascot rolled into one, while its promoters and directors have earned the thanks of turfites for demonstrating how their favourite sport can be administered without those odious surroundings which have made racing of evil report in the eyes of purists and abolitionists. The Trial Stakes was scarcely worthy of the meeting in point of quality of competitors, the moderate Blomfield being best of the quintette; but some better class horses came out for the Princess of Wales's Plate, San Francisco being elected favourite, but he did not seem to be in his Epsom "vein;" and the useful Ramsbury just beat Tribute and Gaff, the mare performing better than she did earlier in the week. Sixteen was the Welter Plate complement, Prudhomme being a hot favourite, but besides being on the big side, the handsome scion of Cymbal ran very green and raw, and finally had to put up with third place to Beverley and Maud, neither of which will beat him again; and Lord Rosebery was content to put down 1,200 guineas for his possession. The Esher Stakes came next, Plaisante being the fancied one, but she failed to stay, and the finish was between the very useful Mandarin, Reffer, and Vegetarian. Drummer Boy beat several better favourites for the Tally Ho Steeplechase, but the talent made no mistake in backing Bonchurch for the County Hurdle Race, though Nugget "pinched" him a bit at the finish. Friday saw Northumbrian beat Solomon in the match, and Thorganby victorious in the Claygate Stakes; and Mr. Ellerton's colt was subsequently sold to Mr. Burton for 175 guineas after beating Policy at 7lbs. for the two years. The Sandown Park Two-Year-Old Stakes showed in get another Middle Parker in Douranee, and she landed the yellow and black very cleverly from her stable companion, Dalmatic, Choctaw (hailing from Findon) being a bad third, while the French pair tailed off. A Welter Handicap was won by Lily Hawthorn, beating Sign Manual, Miss Eleanor, and Fanfare; and then jumping once more became the order of the day, good fields contesting the Selling Hurdle Race, cleverly secured by Samaria from Miss Jeffery and Debonnaire; the Great Southern Hunters' Flat Race, in which Fay was first to catch the judge's eye, and the great Sandown Hurdle Race Handicap, won by the outsider Ignition from Blue Ruin and Sir Hugh, the favourite signally failing to realise the expectations of his party. Saturday was entirely devoted to the illegitimate business, which may be said to have died hard at Sandown Park, which never held a more brilliant company. The first and last race on the card both fell to Professor, with Mr. Crawshaw for his pilot, while Gipsy beat Earl Marshal and Cartel for the Claremont Steeple Chase, and Saga cantered away with the Final Hurdle Plate. The very useful Allerton found a new owner after his victory in the Hunters' Selling Flat Race, but Mr. Yates did not care to part with Jupiter in a Selling Steeplechase, the Grand International Steeplechase having come in for decision between the two last mentioned races, and bringing out a field of eight, from which backers singled out Jackal and Marshal Niel, to which pair the finish was confined, The Liberator being a bad third, with Regal a long way in the rear.

There was some very fair racing at Thirsk, where of course the Northern stables furnished the sinews of war, none of the Southerners caring to dispute with them the First Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes, which was consequently a failure, though full of "good names," and ended in a dead-heat between two mere platers. Unicorn won a couple of plates for Tom Green, and Blue Bear, by Blue Mantle, was hero of the old-fashioned Mowbray Stakes, while the fields were good throughout the meeting, and we can only wish Mr. T. S. Dawson better luck with his *pièce de résistance* next time. No one works harder to show sport than the Malton C.C., who may console himself with the reflection that his is not the first "big race" which has collapsed through no fault of the founder.

Very "cadaverous" looking was the card presented to racegoers at Newmarket on Tuesday morning last, and it may safely be said of the sport that it was only so far recognised as such, as affording occasional excuses for people to look up from their books on the Guineas and Derby. Ringleader is a very moderate colt indeed, but he met no better company in the Post Sweepstakes, R. M., and, after all, only divided the stakes after a dead heat with Radiance, a filly which has trained off most unaccountably. The irrepressible Pardon made very short work of Chios and Warrior in the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Stakes, and Lord Rosebery would not be stalled off the winner, who should make a very useful "timekeeper" for the Russley stable, and it is sound policy to acquire horses of this stamp for a large establishment where they are constantly "trying." Squirrel secured his first winning bracket in a Welter Handicap, the Dean being next best; and then Dreamland showed that there was something, after all, in the fondness of her backers at Lincoln and Epsom, for nothing could make the first of Doncaster's winners gallop in the Selling Plate, King's County and Au Revoir being her attendants home on sufferance, and Captain Macchell's filly was purchased for 60 guineas at the Sandgate sale last August. King Duncan soon settled his moderate pair of opponents in the Coffee Room Stakes; and then half-a-dozen were stripped for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, in which Phénix never gave his opponents the ghost of a chance, but came sailing away from Hydromel as if the latter was a mere selling plater, the rest pulling up at long intervals.

What with Phénix and Prudhomme, Cymbal is likely to have a prosperous time of it this year, to say nothing of Porcelaine and others in France; and Mr. Waring has wisely given him some of his best mares this season. The Two Year Old Sweepstakes showed us yet another winning Carnival in Moccoco, Conquete's 7lb penalty telling up the hill, and the form should be pretty good, seeing that Red Lion has more than an average reputation at home.

We may as well clear the way for a description of racing on the Two Thousand Guineas day by noticing the minor events first, of which it may be said that they provoked only the faintest interest, the favourites having things mostly their own way, except in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Cesarewitch course, wherein Inval proved himself a better stayer than Lord Clive, who does not care to travel much over a mile in anything like good company. Oxonian, after beating the very moderate Cellarer in a selling race, was retained by Captain Macchell; and Squirrel was too nimble for Iron Duke and Jester over the last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch course, Mr. Acton's colt being evidently a fair stayer, though not a grand one to look at. Colorado won the May Stakes for Prince Soltykoff, beating Thunderbolt filly and Gourmet; but King Duncan only just had the best of it with Ringleader in a First Foal Stakes. Of the fifteen competitors for the Guineas nothing looked or went better than Discord, but like his sire, he is evidently no stayer, though a most useful horse in short cuts, where his lot will doubtless be judiciously cast for the future. Strathern is another much of the same calibre, but stouter, and both he and Charibert confirmed our good opinion of them, though we failed to hit the mark with Discord. For Charibert an eminent northern breeder had a good word to say in the saddling paddock at Doncaster last September, but there is not too much of Lord Falmouth's clever colt, and it is evident that the fillies are "a street" in front the sterner sex this year. To the defunct Thormanby Lord Falmouth owes his second Two Thousand Guineas victory, Atlantic being also a son of the mighty chestnut of 1860, but Charibert is a far better built nag than his predecessor in Newmarket honours, and we rejoice that there is now a chance of this fine Pantaloon strain being perpetuated amongst us, to say nothing of its Alce Hawthorn admixture; Cadogan was universally voted a "mean little beggar," and he seemed positively to have gone back since last year, but he is evidently a tough, game bit of stuff, and Lord Freddy made no great mistake in telling all his friends to stand the Findon horse, who will, however, be seen to better advantage with a stronger jockey up, and we do not at all despair of his Derby chance yet. Rayon d'Or ran far better than we expected, but the course may be said to have been made to order for the slashing chestnut, and we question if he will show so prominently in the race at Epsom. Of only one of our selected champions have we any reason to be ashamed, and that one is Marshall Scott, who ran a perfect wretch, so unaccountably badly indeed that his performance cannot be considered true, and Mr. Ellam may fairly claim to "move for a new trial" at Epsom. Neither Lancastrian nor Gunnersbury were up to the mark, owing to recent stoppages, which satisfactorily accounts for the very poor show made by Messrs. Crawford's and Acton's representatives; though the Mantol colt may see a better day, being built on truer lines than the son of Hermit and Hippia. Another horse which failed from want of condition was Ruperra, for which time may do much, though he is evidently one of the delicate sort, and may not have got over the ailments which beset him at the close of last year. How the Russley people could have fancied Visconti is one of those "Asiatic mysteries" of which we used to hear so much in Lord Exeter's days, but Robert Peek makes so few mistakes that followers of his stable are not likely to be choked off, and the little Parmesan will have plenty of opportunities of redeeming his character. Blue Blood is a bit of a "flatcatcher," like other members of his family; while the American was never once formidable, and all the tall talk about time tests and other absurdities came to nothing. Looking at the race by the light of last year's performances, it will be seen that the result is not altogether inconsistent with the form then shown; but it may be doubted whether Charibert is more than a second-rater, and at present we can see no reason for preferring him to Victor Chief and Falmouth, both of which we expect to see in front of him at Epsom on the 28th of May.

The Chester programme is not so interesting as usual, and the meeting is one which will require very careful and generous nursing to restore to it the healthy tone of other days, the light of which has long been fading. Local opposition in the cathedral city has, of course, the effect of diminishing the ancient glories of the Rhodée; nor is the fixture likely to recover its former prestige without stronger attractions in the shape of added money to races freed from the vexatious conditions of declaration of a minor forfeit "to the fund." The Mostyn Stakes should be won by Douranee, or the best of the Russley youngsters, though Mr. Naylor's high-priced Armada colt is among the entries, and might show himself to the natives of his owner's country. A Maiden Plate has the curious condition appended of "winners after entry not allowed to start," so that it is of little use venturing a prediction in the dark. For the Vale Royal Stakes *Siluria* filly must be our selected; while in the Badminton Stakes Douranee is again formidable, but her penalty might put her out of court, when Tuscarora should have our vote. In the Wynn Stakes *Secret* might be worth standing; while the Dee Stakes will provoke an interesting race should Sir Bevy, Breadfinder, St. Augustine, Flavius, Island King, Vegetarian, and Erivan meet to try conclusions, but our fancy points to the first and last-named, and we must declare in favour of *Sir Bevy*. At present we can see nothing to stop Parole's way in the Chester Cup, for which his owner will probably elect to start him by way of further "sweeping the board" of spring handicaps; but the rest of the programme will be better discussed at the scene of action, most of the handicaps being due after the appearance in print of these remarks. Ipswich and Alexandra Park in the south, and Halifax in the north, will "make out" the rest of the week, but the Derby betting will absorb all interest until after the decision of that race, when we shall see ourselves landed in the thick of the racing season, and find occupation for our Saturday afternoons round the sale ring for some weeks to come.

SKYLARK.

A NEW Angling Society is in course of formation for Bow and the surrounding eastern districts, particulars of which may be obtained by forwarding a stamped envelope to the secretary, Mr. W. H. Wool, 101, Malmesbury-road, Bow.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgrave, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.] Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

SANDOWN PARK MEETING.

FRIDAY.
MATCH.—Mr. E. B. Hales's Northumbrian (Owner), 1; Solomon, 2. 2 ran.
The CLAYGATE STAKES.—Mr. Ellerton's Thorganby (Constable), 1; Policy, 2; Fly by Night, 3. 11 ran.
The SANDOWN PARK TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Duke of Westminster's Douranee (Lemaire), 1; Dalmatic, 2; Choctaw, 3. 7 ran.
The WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Davis's Lily Hawthorn (Mr. Bevil), 1; Sign Manual, 2; Miss Eleanor, 3. 4 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Nightingall's Samaria (Levitt), 1; Miss Jeffery, 2; Debonnaire, 3. 13 ran.
The GREAT SOUTHERN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Capt. Macchell's Fay (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Crambo, 2; Professor, 3. 6 ran.
The GREAT SANDOWN HURDLE RACE.—Mr. G. Goodchild's Ignition (Gregory), 1; Blue Ruin, 2; Sir Hugh, 3. 8 ran.

SATURDAY.

A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Wadlow's Professor (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Laramie, 2; Marseillaise, 3. 7 ran.
The CLAREMONT STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Wilson's Gipsy (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Earl Marshall, 2. 9 ran.
The FINAL HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. J. E. Carr's Saga (J. Prince), 1; Keyhole, 2; The Moor, 3. 4 ran.
ALLIANCE SELLING FLAT-RACE PLATE.—Mr. A. Yates's Allerton (Owner), 1; Abelaide, 2; Halifax, 3. 12 ran.
The GRAND INTERNATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.—Lord M. Beresford's Jackal (Jones), 1; Marshal Niel, 2; Liberator, 3. 8 ran.
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. A. Yates's Jupiter (Owner), 1; Buridan, 2; Miss Monaghan, 3. 10 ran.
AN EXPERIMENTAL HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. Wadlow's Professor (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Lady Christiansa, 2; Industrious, 3. 10 ran.

THIRSK MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE HUNTERS' HURDLE-RACE PLATE.—Mr. T. Spence's Comical (Owner), 1; Leading Article, 2; Pier a Bras, 3. 6 ran.
The FALCON PLATE.—Mr. R. Shier's Nutboy (Sandford), 1; Epidemic II., 2; Beaconsfield II., 3. 8 ran.
The MOWBRAY PLATE.—Mr. R. Stirk's Blue Beard (J. Osborne), 1; King George, 2; Captain Blue, 3. 6 ran.
The THIRSK HANDICAP.—Mr. Jardine's Pilchard (Tomlinson), 1; Agglethorpe, 2; Umbria, 3. 6 ran.
The SELLING HANDICAP HIGH-WEIGHT PLATE.—Mr. Green's Unicorn (Morgan), 1; Bonnie Queen, 2; Miss Martyr, 3. 9 ran.
The SILVER CUP.—Mr. J. M. Richardson's Malton (Mr. Spence), 1; Syren, 2; Vanity, 3. 6 ran.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY.

A POST SWEEPSTAKES.—Lord Falmouth's Ringleader (F. Archer), + w.o.; Radiance, +; Highland Lassie colt, 3. 4 ran.
A SELLING STAKES was declared void.
THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS TRIAL STAKES.—Captain Macchell's Pardon (F. Archer), 1; Chios, 2; Warrior, 3. 3 ran.
THE FIRST WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Acton's Squirrel (J. Macdonald), 1; The Dean, 2; Velleda, 3. 6 ran.
A SELLING PLATE.—Captain Macchell's Dreamland (Constable), 1; King's County, 2; Au Revoir, 3. 15 ran.
THE COFFEE-ROOM STAKES.—Lord Cawdor's King Duncan (F. Archer), 1; Bergere II., 2; Madrida, 3. 3 ran.
THE PRINCE OF WALES' STAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Phenix (Goater), 1; Hydromel, 2; Episcopus, 3. 6 ran.
A TWO-YEAR-OLD SWEEPSTAKE.—Mr. C. Alexander's Moccoco (Huxtable), 1; Conquete, 2. 4 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

A SELLING PLATE.—Captain Macchell's Oxonian (F. Archer), 1; The Cellarer, 2. 2 ran.
A HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Acton's Squirrel (J. Macdonald), 1; Iron Duke, 2; Jester, 3. 4 ran.
THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs each, h ft for three-yr-olds; colts, 8st 10lb; and fillies, 8st 5lb; the second to receive 200 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save stake. R. M. one hundred and eighteen subs.
Lord Falmouth's Charibert, by Thormanby—Gertrude, 8st 10lb F. Archer 1
Mr. F. Swindell's Cadogan, 8st 10lb Lemaire 2
Count F. de Lagrange's Rayon d'Or, 8st 10lb Goater 3
15 ran.

THE MAY STAKES.—Prince Soltykoff's Colorado (Lemaire), 1; Lyra colt, 2; Gourmet, 3. 7 ran.
THE PRINCE OF WALES' STAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Inval (Goater), 1; Lord Clive, 2; Clementine, 3. 3 ran.
A FIRST-FOAL STAKES.—Lord Cawdor's King Duncan (Morgan), 1; Ringleader, 2. 2 ran.

THURSDAY.

THE BURWELL HANDICAP.—Mr. Gietton's Westbourne (Cannon), 1; Thornfield, 2. 2 ran.
A MAIDEN PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's Belfry (Cannon), 1; Aurelie, 2; Fusbeats, 3. 9 ran.
THE STAND HANDICAP.—Mr. J. T. Mackenzie's The Scot (Luke), 1; Dunmow, 2; Somnus, 3. 4 ran.
THE FIRST SPRING TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. P. Lorillard's Pappoose (Morbey), 1; Khazari, 2. 4 ran.
A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. R. Wyatt's Royal (Owner), 1; Rally, 2; St. Bruno, 3. 8 ran.
THE SECOND WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Captain Macchell's Sign Manual (Constable), 1; Triumph filly, 2; The Cellarer, 3. 6 ran.
A SWEEPSTAKE.—Captain Macchell's Mandarin (F. Archer), 1; Blackamoor, 2. 2 ran.

PACKINGTON MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. H. M. Jackson's Mercia (Mr. Holman), 1; Cytus, 2; Halifax, 3. 6 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Stevens's Neptune (Davis), 1; Worcester, 2; Father Matthew, 3. 4 ran.
THE HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. W. G. Stevens's Marseillaise (Davis), 1; Moorhen, 2; Huntingfield, 3. 4 ran.
THE HAMPTON HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Robinson's Serape (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Carmelite, 2; Miss Jeffery, 3. 8 ran.
THE DIDDINGTON OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE CUP.—Mr. J. G. Baird Hay's Montauban (Waddington), 1; Holstein, 2; Bess, 3. 9 ran.
A HUNTERS' SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. Lewis Flower's Barton (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Optimist, 2; Andalouse, 3. 6 ran.
THE MERIDEN STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Colonel Harford's Stanley (Jones), 1; Dewdrop, 2; Victor II., 3. 3 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE COLESHILL OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. S. Davis's Dainty (G. Darling), 1; Robert de Todnei, 2; Nightshade, 3. 7 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Stevens's Neptune (Dove), 1; Worcester, 2; Father Matthew, 3. 5 ran.
THE HUNTERS' SELLING FLAT RACE.—Mr. J. M. Richardson's Reredos (Mr. T. Lowe), 1; Moriturus, 2; Ronald, 3. 4 ran.
THE PACKINGTON HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. C. Howard's Quibble (Adams), 1; Dainty, 2; High Priest, 3. 5 ran.
A SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. Marshall's Halifax (Owner), 1; Barton, 2; Bachelor, 3. 3 ran.
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. Stevens's Neptune (Davis), 1; Father Matthew, 2; Miss Monaghan, 3. 5 ran.
THE SCURRY HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. Wood's Bess (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Optimist, 2; Moriturus, 3. 6 ran.

MORPETH RACES.

THURSDAY.

THE TRIAL PLATE.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Boudoir (Fagan), 1; Don Amadeo, 2; Lady Dunholm, 3. 8 ran.
THE MELDON STAKES.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Bonnie Marden (Fagan), 1; Victor Emanuel, 2; Castleary, 3. 3 ran.
THE MORPETH HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Adamite (Bruckshaw), 1; Looking Glass, 2; Blue Bell, 3; Darnley, 4. 6 ran.
THE BOLAM WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Wild Aggie (Fagan), 1; Lady Matilda, 2; Winnifred, 3. 3 ran.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS SPRING MEETING.

SUNDAY.

PRIX D'JENA.—M. Blanc's Bouffiers (Berard), 1; Monsieur Alphonse, 2; Géométrie, 3. 5 ran.
PRIX DE BAGATELLE.—M. Blanc's Fitz Plutus (Wheeler), 1; Elleviou, 2; Craen, 3. 7 ran.
POULE D'ESSAI.—Count F. de Lagrange's Zut (Dodge), 1; Ismael, 2; Aveitres, 3. 10 ran.
TWENTY-FIRST BIENNIAL STAKES, 1878-1879.—M. André's Moulle (Storr), 1; Clocher, 2; Colifichet, 3. 5 ran.
PRIX DE L'ESPERANCE.—M. Blanc's Nubienne (Covey), 1; Narcisse, 2; Eucalyptus, 3. 14 ran.
HANDICAP.—Lonray Stud's Le Dard (Shepherd), 1; Cactus, 2; Brigitte, 3. 14 ran.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists.—[ADVT.]

SHOOTING.

HURLINGHAM-PARK CLUB, FULHAM.

On Saturday afternoon the attendance at this fashionable resort was not nearly so numerous as usual, on account of the attractions at Sandown and at the Gun Club. An optional sweepstakes at 28 yards rise was to have been the chief feature on the card, but in lieu of this, £1 handicap sweepstakes at three birds each were organised. Six or seven of these competitions were brought to an issue, and a tolerably even display of form was shown by Mr. Aubrey Coventry, Mr. E. Larking, Mr. Davenport, Mr. J. H. Cummings, Mr. Fontaine, and the Duke of Montrose.

Fine weather drew together a good company at the club

grounds on Monday, when a handicap sweepstakes of £3 each, with a cup value £15, given by the club, was shot for at seven blue rocks each from five traps, &c. This produced 14 entries, and eventually Earl de Grey, M.P. (30½), Colonel Campbell (27), and Mr. Dudley Ward (30½) tied by each killing all their seven birds, and in deciding it bird for bird Mr. Dudley Ward (30½) fell out at the first round; Earl de Grey (30½) killed four in the ties, and won the first prize of £30 and the cup, value £15, and Colonel Campbell (27) won the second prize of £12. Several handicap sweepstakes at three pigeons each were also decided, the winners being Captain Lang, Earl de Grey, M.P., Mr. George, Mr. Dudley Ward, Mr. David, and Mr. Stuart.

THE GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

An excellent afternoon's sport took place at the grounds of

the Gun Club on Saturday, and the most noteworthy feature on the programme was an optional handicap sweepstakes at seven birds, the prize being a central-fire breachloader in case complete, valued at £50, and presented by Messrs. E. M. Reilly and Co., of Oxford-street. This contest produced 30 competitors, and the shooting generally may be characterised as being above the average. At the conclusion of the seventh round a tie was proclaimed between Mr. Mellish, 30, Mr. Kerr, 28½; Earl de Grey, 30; Mr. C. O. Clark, 29; Captain Crosbie Yescombe 27; Mr. George, 26; Mr. H. Rae Reid, 28; and Mr. Stovin, 26. Between the last-mentioned and Mr. C. O. Clark there was a most exciting struggle, but in the end Mr. Clark, who has undoubtedly shown the most successful form this season, scored another victory, and in addition to the gun received £30. Another event of importance was the match at 25 birds each, 30



A MORNING CALL.

yards rise, for the Members' Challenge Cup, between Mr. Mellish and Mr. Kerr; the latter, after some very fine shooting, won by six birds, killing 21 out of 25 to his opponent's 15. Five £1 handicap sweepstakes were likewise shot, the winners being Mr. C. Kerr, Mr. Street, Mr. Mellish, Mr. T. G. Frake, and Mr. Smart.

THE WELSH HARP, HENDON.

An attractive programme, issued by Mr. Warner, drew together a good company at the Welsh Harp enclosure on Monday. The principal contest was a handicap sweepstakes of one sov each, five blue rocks each, for which thirteen entries were obtained, and as Mr. H. Beedell (25) was the only member who succeeded in killing all his five birds, he took the first prize

of £10. Five ties for second money was announced by each killing one less, and in deciding it bird for bird, Mr. Grist, from Brook, near Ashford, Kent, and Mr. George, of Notting Hill, each brought down four more, and divided the second award. The rest of the day was principally devoted to handicap sweepstakes shooting, at three pigeons each; the principal winners being Messrs. Holledge, Scott, Grist, Norris, Beedell, Conly, Cook, and Gilbert. Two matches were also decided, in which Mr. John Warner beat Mr. Crozers, and Mr. Morris beat Mr. Byfield.

PRESENTATION.—On Saturday there was a numerous assemblage of the members of the York and Ainsty Hunt, at the

Pack Horse Hotel, York, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Charles Hagger, the late kennel huntsman and first whip of the York and Ainsty Hunt, with a testimonial of their appreciation of his past services, and on his leaving York to join the South Wold Hunt, Lincolnshire, as huntsman under Mr. Crowther, M.F.H. Mr. C. Homsey made the presentation, which consisted of a scroll, conveying the sentiments of the 110 subscribers, and bearing their names; a gold hunting watch, of the value of 25 guineas, and a purse containing fifty sovereigns.

THE "Alert" Swimming Club commence their season on Monday, 5th of May, 1879, at the Crown Baths, Kennington Oval. All communications to be addressed to F. Lawrence, 42, Stamford-street, S.E., where particulars can be had.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

At last the familiar gas sign above the Vaudeville Theatre has changed its aspect, *Our Boys* has ceased to flicker in its illuminated letters, and Defries's men have no longer to make their occasional journeys from Houndsditch to tinker on another figure recording the roll of the ages, and the continued success of *Our Boys*. "Prodigious!" From year to year the same eternal comedy played on and on at the little theatre in the Strand,



which was already noted for its long staying powers. "My Grandfather's Clock" was a fool to it! I would venture to say it very nearly played one night for every word in the piece, including gags and stage directions. Now, don't get writing letters to the Editor of this valuable journal proving that I am wrong—you calculating machines that may chance to read this—it is just the sort of thing you would do, and as I am only calculating I confess I am wrong at once (I wish I hadn't said anything about it)! Where did I leave off? Oh! I was saying something about "My Grandfather's Clock." What a nuisance that song has become! The idea of a lot of converted niggers getting unconverted, and, under pretence of playing a drama at a theatre, letting that song loose on the town to worry honest folks at every turning, until it has almost outstripped the late Miss Nancy Lee. By the way, that reminds me that it is about *The Girls* I ought to be talking. When the last night of *Our Boys* really came, an audience large enough to cram the Vaudeville



Mr David James as the Real Thing.

architect with regard to building a theatre. He can take the idea to Mr. Toole, who I believe is about to build a theatre. Here is the notion: Take double the space of ground you actually require; build your theatre in the centre of it, making

meagre audience might fill it comfortably. But *The Girls*—what about *The Girls*? Well, it is a difficult matter to explain. I would like to say a great deal about *The Girls* (Heaven bless them!) but the lady who does the captious business in my house might not like it, and possibly might write her opinion in burning lines upon my face. I had on one occasion to drop the acquaintance of a dear and valued friend because his surname happened to be the same as one of the christian names that are often given to girls by their god-fathers and god-



mothers. I used to write to him "Dear so-and-so" (mentioning the name); the lady who does the captious business here seeing it, at once said, "if it is a man why not call him 'dear sir?'" I did so, he was hurt, and we have never spoken since. However, I must at all hazards do my duty towards you, my dear reader. I am sure you will do me the credit of saying that I never neglect you. ("Would that he did!") I hear some one say: All right, that is always the way! Here goes then, at all hazards, as I said for your sake reader, no matter what the con-



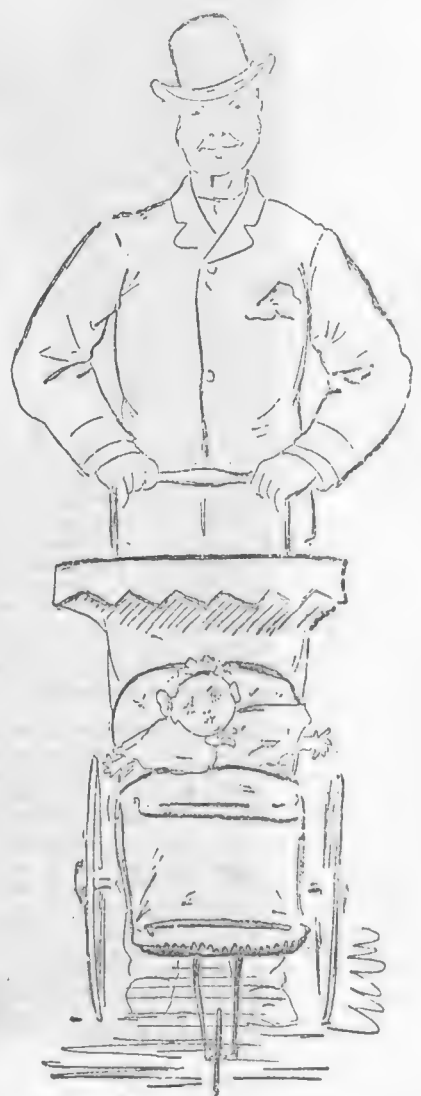
Mr. John Managers dilemma
Applying for first night seats

over and over again besieged the doors, and yet I met a man yesterday who never saw the piece, and supposed "it would be put on again after *The Girls*." For weeks the amiable gentleman who manages the serious affairs of the business of Messrs. James and Thorne's establishment was harassed with huge bundles from the post-office containing missives demanding seats for the first night of the new piece. How on earth that gentleman packed all he did comfortably into their places I cannot imagine. Here I will throw out a valuable suggestion to any enterprising



The Girls

the entire edifice of india-rubber. Then, when the success of any piece demands more accommodation for an eager public, the place can be stretched out by turning windlasses at the various corners. In the same way non-successes could be treated by allowing the building to contract until the most



An heroic subscription

sequences may be. *The Girls*—the darling "pretty souls, bless their little bright faces! how I do love them. Tall, short, slender, and slim, or plump and chubby, dark or fair, eyes blue, black, brown, grey, green, red, any colour (darling pets!). There, I knew how it would be; you will have to get up a subscription to purchase me a wig. Mr. H. J. Byron's new comedy at the Vaudeville is a sort of "it is and it isn't" piece. He seems to destroy the vital interest of it by taking away from the piece that which gives it its title, and after the first short act of girlhood presents you with two long acts of rather uninteresting married life. Mr.

David James plays the part of a cad who is "something in the City" with wonderful power. Mr. Thorne is supplied with a part that is a kind of Caleb Deecie with his eyes open, which is murdered by the fact that he is by profession an impossible sculptor, and goes rolling a perambulator about the country when he ought to be up to his elbows in modeling clay. The girls, who are step-sisters, are played respectively by Miss Kate Bishop and Miss Illington; the former is dignified and quiet, the latter painfully gushing, and about as natural as the stage-baby that represents her offspring throughout the second and third acts. Mr. Farren and Miss Larkin are a widow and widower, who, for some ill-advised reason, have married each other; indeed, if originally they had observed strict celibacy, the two would have been saved the trouble of following the misfortunes of their daughters.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE AMATEURS IN "PINAFORE."—Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is hardly the piece that would be chosen for performance by amateurs, as a rule, on account of the numerous difficulties it presents in the shape of music, scenery, dresses, &c.; and the amateurs of Kingston must have had strong faith in their own powers when they decided to perform it under the direction of Mr. Francois Cellier, for that gentleman's benefit. That their faith was founded on no insecure foundation was fully proved by the success of the entertainment on Wednesday, the 30th ult., and I may safely assert that I have never had the good fortune to witness a better performance by amateurs than the one in question. The greatest care had evidently been bestowed in the preparation and rehearsals, and the old saying, "What is worth doing is worth doing well," was the rule under which all seem to have worked. The Drill Hall was crammed to overflowing, many being turned away for lack of room. The management in front of the curtain, contrary to the rule at most amateur performances, left nothing to be desired. You were directed to your seat at once, and did not find some one else already in possession of it. The orchestra, under the baton of Mr. F. Cellier, consisted of amateurs, aided by several members of the Opera Comique band, and from the manner in which they performed their duties it might have been supposed that they had been playing together nightly for weeks. The scenery was all new, painted specially for the occasion, and, looking at the stage, I could easily have imagined I was at the Opera Comique instead of at Kingston. And now for the *dramatis personæ*. Mr. George H. Harrison, as the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., presented a finished and diverting picture of that haughty but illogical celebrity. Mr. Quintin Twiss scored a great success as Captain Corcoran; he seemed thoroughly to enter into the part, and he was particularly clear and distinct in his songs. It is needless to say he looked the Captain to the life. As we have before said, Mr. Twiss must not be judged from an amateur point of view; but even from the strictest professional standpoint his representation of the gallant Captain was admirable. Mr. Ogle Moore's voice, a high tenor, is unpleasantly throaty at times; however, he played his part (Ralph) with plenty of quiet humour, and appeared a great favourite with the audience. Mr. B. P. Searle, capitally made up as Dick Deadeye, the villain of the piece, was very indistinct, and it was almost impossible to catch the purport of his songs. Bill Bobstay and Bob Becket found able representatives in Messrs. A. E. Twiss and A. Barrett; and last, though certainly not least, was the midshipmite, Tom Tucker, of Master White, which was as clever a performance on a small scale as any during the evening. Mrs. Loveday's really magnificent voice told well in the part of Josephine, and this lady's talents are not confined to her voice alone, for her histrionic powers are of no mean order. She would have been even still better had she spoken louder; at times it was hard to catch what she said. Mrs. John Shrubsole made the most of the small part of Hebe (Sir Joseph's first cousin), and Mrs. Loxwood King, as Little Buttercup, both as regards appearance, singing, and acting left little to be desired. The first Lord's "sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," were represented by the following ladies, who did so well, they are entitled to mention:—Mrs. E. Howell, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Whitehouse, Miss Harrison, Miss C. Harrison, Miss L. Dunnage, Mrs. Scrivener, Miss Mantell, Mrs. Searle, Mrs. Cellier, Mrs. Coleman, and Miss L. Keighley. What I have said of the cousins and aunts is also applicable to the sailors; the following are the names of their representatives:—Messrs. A. M. Grahame, H. J. Hogg, H. Loxley, H. R. McCracken, W. Porter, A. Ramsay, W. Thompson, E. Williamson, and P. Waite. The Marines were represented by Sergeant Whelan and privates from the 47th Brigade Depot. Great praise is due both to Mr. R. Barker, of the Opera Comique, and Mr. Cellier for the high state of perfection they have drilled their company to, both in singing and acting. The audience, as I have above stated, was an immense one, and though very friendly was at the same time discriminating. Many of the pieces were redemanded, among which I may mention the trio in the first act, "Never Mind the Why and Wherefore," the duet, "The Merry Maiden and the Tar," and as a matter of course, "The Englishman."

THE ROSCIUS DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance at Ladbroke Hall on Thursday, the 24th ult. The bill of fare offered to a crowded audience consisted of the farce, *My Wife's Dentist*, and an original, monetary, ministerial, and mischievous musical mixture entitled, *The Court of King Fusti*, written by one of the

managers of the club, Mr. Edwin F. Marshall. In the farce, Mr. Walter O. Compton, as Dick Hazard, kept the audience in roars of laughter. Mr. H. E. Frith made a capital Sir John Beauville, and Mr. Palmer was fairly equal to his duties as General Squadron. The part of David (a man servant) fell to Mr. T. Forster. I have before had to complain of the manner in which the ladies' parts have been filled in the Roscius performances, and the evening in question showed no improvement, with the exception of Miss Hill, who played charmingly as Rhoda, for Miss Duncan, as Lady Letitia Beauville, and Miss Wilford, as Cicely Squadron, were tame in the extreme, and all but marred an otherwise good performance. How to describe the plot of *The Court of King Fusti* I know not; it was like the plots of a good many other burlesques, very unintelligible, but it served its purpose well, as a peg on which to hang innumerable jokes (good, bad, and indifferent), songs, and dances. And I must congratulate Mr. E. F. Marshall on his adding to the laurels he has already gained as an actor the more recent ones of an author, for considering the disadvantage he laboured under from the lack of stage room, accessories, and "supers," he has done his work remarkably well. Mr. Percy F. Marshall represented the Count de Crusti with plenty of humour and "go," and his moustaches must have been the envy of every budding youth in the hall. I cannot compliment Mr. Charles Chadwick too highly on his dancing powers, which he exhibited with such good effect in the part of Minister Rusti. He possesses remarkably fine burlesque legs, and reminded me strongly of that prince of dancers, Mr. Vokes. He was capitally made up as Lord Beaconsfield. The author retained for himself the part of King Fusti, a *sovereign* whose *coron* wasn't worth a penny, and very well he filled it. As the very big small boy, Philibusti, Mr. A. Palmer gained considerable applause, and Mr. R. H. Walpole represented the regulation burlesque James Trusti. Mr. Conyers Norton was always "feeling so sly" as the Baroness de Musti, and created much amusement by her constant application to her unfailing remedy of Eno's Fruit Salt. Miss Hill again made her mark as Princess Nozza Dusti. The band, as on former occasions, was under the direction of Mr. Frank Brain, and, with the exception of the drum, which jarred horribly, was good.

BIJOU THEATRE.—A dramatic performance was given at the above theatre on Thursday, the 24th ult., in aid of the funds of the Kilburn General Dispensary. I must commence by finding fault with the management in front of the curtain, for, though none of the stalls were numbered, yet the more favoured of the audience were accommodated with the best seats, while the other holders of stall tickets, though they arrived in good time, when many of the front rows were unoccupied, were compelled to content themselves with seats in the background. Mr. I. J. Walker has a good deal to learn before he is entitled to the name of acting manager. Again, matters on the stage would have gone very much better had the stage manager, Mr. H. N. Pelham, been more competent; I am speaking more especially with regard to the first piece. The waits were of a preposterous length, one being more than half an hour, during twenty-five minutes of which not a note of music was to be heard. In the opening farce of *Dearest Mamma* Mr. Collins was about as stiff and unsympathetic a Harry Clinton as it was possible to be. He knew his lines, and that is all I can say for him. Mr. A. Renwick entirely failed to grasp the author's meaning in the part of Nettle Croker. I should have thought the name itself would have been some sort of clue to him; but, no; he invented an entirely new reading of his own, and a very bad one, too. His make-up was execrable, and his hands caused him an amount of anxiety I have rarely before witnessed. Mr. I. J. Walker was a fairly good Brower, but he must guard against dropping his voice at the end of his sentences. Mr. W. Spink, in the very small part of Jones, the servant, played far the best among the gentlemen, and deserved a much more important rôle. As Mrs. Breezely Fussell, Miss Millie Holland was excellent; she played with plenty of humour and go, and had most of the other characters followed her example the farce would have been a less dreary affair than it was. Miss Florence Stark was a rather colourless Edith Clinton, and Mrs. Alice Cecil was utterly incompetent in the part of Mrs. Honeywood. Maddison Morton's comedy drama *Old Honesty* was the second item, and turned out to be a happy contrast to the first. Mr. Arthur Morris was easy and natural as Sir Perkins Besborough, and Mr. R. Hall did fairly well as Joseph Bradshaw. Mr. F. Everitt as Mr. Septimus Hook looked like a butler ready to wait at dinner; he was stiff and unnatural, and the voice he assumed was irritating in the extreme. Mr. H. N. Pelham gave us a clever picture of Michael Bradshaw. It was evident he had made a careful study of the character, and his work was rewarded with success. For some things I liked Mr. I. J. Walker's Toby Perch very much, his make-up was natural and lifelike, and he played with a considerable amount of humour, but at times he slightly exaggerated, and he would do well in future to restrain an inclination to speak confidentially to his audience, as it takes away from the reality of his playing. Miss Evans's Dame Bradshaw was another well-filled part, and the dinner-scene with her husband in the first act was carefully conceived. As Mary, Miss Millie Holland again showed what a good actress she was. Her merriement caused by poor Toby was spontaneous, real, and catching. TOM STYLUS.

At the Sunderland Petty Sessions, on Saturday, William Stewart was prosecuted by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for torturing pigeons by pulling out the tail feathers before trapping them at a match, and was fined £10 and costs, or in default three months' imprisonment.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE last concert of the current season of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society is announced to take place at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday evening, May 17, when the performance will be honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh.

THE additions to the Zoological Gardens during the past week include three red brockets from Brazil, presented by Mr. W. H. Lacy; a blue-faced green amazon from St. Lucia, West Indies, a yellow-fronted amazon from Guiana, presented by Mr. Neville Holland; a black-faced kangaroo from South Australia, three white-eared cunures from Brazil, an Upland goose from the Falkland Islands, deposited; and a Reeve's muntjac, born in the gardens.

THE following racehorses were sold by auction at Sandown Park on Thursday week, after the Walton Two Year Old Plate had been decided:—Norseman (4 yrs), by Gladiateur out of Scottish Queen, to Mr. J. Read for 70 guineas; Hestia (aged), by Asteroid out of Mermaid, to Mr. E. Hobson for 130 guineas; and Prince Plausible (4 yrs), by Adventurer out of Princess Royal, to Mr. G. Potter for 95 guineas.

THE three first days of the present week were kept with much festivity at Cannes, in memory of the late Lord Brougham, the eminent British statesman, author, translator, lawyer, and man of science. The grateful people of Cannes have honoured him in the old Greek way, with the establishment of public games. Horse-races, bicycle-races, fireworks, balls, and an international regatta were those selected.

A NUMBER of subscribers and landowners met the "Kibworth Committee" at Noseley Hall on Friday in reference to the dispute as to the hunting of the Top Leicestershire Ground. The meeting was characterised by unanimity, and, after a long discussion, a deputation of eight gentlemen were appointed to meet the Quorn committee. It is stated that a prosecution fund of over £700 has been raised in connection with the late meeting of farmers.

"THE Piccadilly Peep Show; or, Round the R.A. in Twenty Minutes," by Wallis Mackay, a good-natured skit on the pictures of the exhibition, will be issued by the Artistic Colour-Printing Company, and, unless it strangely belies its promise, will be one of the most amusing trifles to which the Academy gives rise.

ILEX SWIMMING CLUB.—The eighteenth annual general meeting of this club was held at 44, Pall Mall, on Thursday, the 24th of April, when the report and balance-sheet for the past year were presented, and the following officers elected for the present season:—President: John Tyler, West London Rowing Club; vice-president: G. D. Lister, London Rowing Club; captain: H. Davenport, West London Rowing Club; honorary secretary: W. Lyons O'Malley, Thames Rowing Club.

IRISH NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLE CHASE COMMITTEE.—A meeting was held at Messrs. Hunter's, Adelaide-road, on Thursday last. Members present:—Lord Drogheda (in the chair), Hon. E. Preston, Colonel Forster, Messrs. Burton Persse, C. J. Blake, J. G. Blake, and F. C. Osborne. Lord Drogheda's motion as to sportsmen and private races was adjourned. Letters were read from Mr. Fitzgerald relative to the granting of a hunting certificate for Mr. Chapman, master of the Westmeath Foxhounds, and from Major Denny relative to an occurrence at the County Kerry Green Coat Races, but the committee in each case declined to interfere. Mr. Preston's motion relative to the exclusion of professional jockeys in hunters' races over the county was adjourned. A letter was read from Mr. Davidson, secretary to the Downpatrick Races, but the committee declined to interfere, as, although the Ulster Hunt Cup at that meeting was not a hunt race, as defined by the Irish National Hunt Rules, there was no infraction of the Irish National Hunt Rules. Lord Drogheda was unanimously re-elected a steward. Mr. J. T. Nally is further disqualified from riding until the next general meeting of the Irish National Hunt Committee, when the case will be further considered.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. The secretary of the institution having read the minutes of the previous meeting, a considerable sum in rewards was granted to the crews of lifeboats for recent services. The Palling lifeboat saved the crew of twelve men from the Norwegian barque Christiana, wrecked at Waxham. The lifeboat George Moore, stationed at Porthdinllaen, North Wales, saved six men from the distressed steamer Baroi, of Newcastle. The Peterhead lifeboat rescued the crew of five men and six passengers from the stranded schooner Sunshine, of Wick. The Cromer and Ballycotton lifeboats were respectively the means of rendering important service to the distressed Danish sloop Hesperus and the schooner Mary Lloyd, of Portmadoc. The Yarmouth surf-lifeboat saved the crew of sixteen men and a pilot from the barque Guiseppina N, of Genoa, which was wrecked on Yarmouth beach. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments, amounting to £13,000, were made on different lifeboat establishments. The receipt of various contributions and legacies was announced, including a donation of £200 from the Misses Brooke, sisters of the late John Brooke, Esq., Q.C., per John Richardson, Esq., Q.C. Reports were read from the four inspectors of lifeboats on their recent visits to the coast. The proceedings then terminated.

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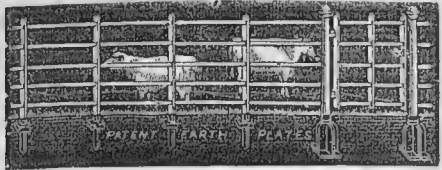
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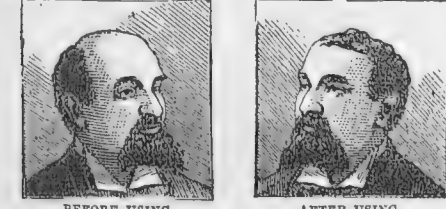
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WEDNESDAY.
The LIVERPOOL CUP of 500 sovs, and 50 sovs to trainer of winner, added to a handicap of 25 sovs each, 15 st, and 3 only if declared; second 50 sovs, third to save stake; a mile and a half.

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SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

In the lovely Parish of WESTERHAM, KENT.—An exceedingly choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, of about 17 acres, occupying a charming situation on Crockham-hill, and overlooking a wide expanse of magnificent scenery. It consists of a gentleman's residence, with capital detached stabling, nicely shrubbed and very attractive grounds, two greenhouses, kitchen garden, orchard, a blacksmith's forge, two cottages, and some well-timbered land. Possession of the greater portion, including the house, will be given.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER will **SELL**, at the Mart, on TUESDAY, May 13, at Two, the compact and most attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as Newlands, Crockham-hill, about 2½ miles from Edenbridge Station, and 2½ miles from Westerham. It comprises a capital modern residence, containing eight bed and dressing rooms (more bedrooms could readily be added), hall, dining room and drawing rooms, each about 21ft. 9in. by 14ft. 10in., library, and ample offices. The detached stabling includes two stalls, harness room, two coach-houses, &c. The grounds are planted with handsome specimen shrubs, two large greenhouses heated by hot water, kitchen garden, orchard, filbert grove, an oak and ash plantation, and some well-timbered pasture land, together with two hop gardens, and a capital hop kiln. In one corner of the property are a blacksmith's forge and two cottages with gardens. The whole contains an area of about 17a. 0r. 22p.; is nicely timbered, and by the removal of some of the fences a pretty little park could easily be formed. The Old Surrey, the West Kent, and the Burrow foxhounds, as well as the Surrey staghounds, hunt the district; the kennels of the Edenbridge Harriers are close by. Particulars, with plan, of Messrs. Bosworth and Brown, Solicitors, Westerham, Kent; and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

HALSTEAD, Essex.—The very attractive Freehold Residential Estate, known as Sloe House, occupying a beautiful position, about 10 minutes' walk from the town and station. It includes a capital residence, having a carriage-drive approach, and containing nine bedrooms (two available as nurseries), a dressing room, several excellent attics, and box rooms, entrance hall with portico, dining room, about 27ft by 17ft., drawing room about 23ft by 20ft. opening to the grounds, school rooms, study, housekeeper's room, butler's pantry, servants' hall, an excellent kitchen, besides other offices and extensive cellarage. The stabling consists of eight stalls, coach-house for three carriages, and harness room, farmyard with out-buildings. The grounds are very charming and are disposed in ornamental lawns, clothed with a profusion of choice shrubs and timber trees, and have an undulating formation. A large walled kitchen garden, viney in two compartments, heated by hot water, gardener's cottage, gravel pit, &c., and well-timbered, park-like pasture land, the whole in a ring fence, and comprising about 29a. 2r. 35p. The surrounding country is attractive and well wooded, and there are several gentlemen's seats in the immediate vicinity. The East Essex hounds meet within a short distance, and fishing may be had.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER will **SELL** the above, at the Mart, on TUESDAY, May 27, at Two, with possession. Particulars and plan of Messrs. Harris and Morton, Solicitors, Halstead; and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

ESSEX.—Freehold Residential Estate, about 25 miles from London, in the midst of a good sporting district, near to foxhound kennels, and affording excellent shooting. It comprises a spacious modern Mansion, known as Ramsden Hall, in the centre of old-established pleasure grounds, with kitchen gardens, a pretty park in which are some good timber, several capital farms, with suitable houses and homesteads, and very thriving profitable woods, in all over 820 acres. There are several cottages, lodges, and good stabling. The farms are let to responsible tenants. The mansion and its curtilage, some of the park land, and some of the woods are in hand. The estate will provide an agreeable residence, combined with a fair and improving return for capital invested, and an amount of country sports and enjoyment not often found so near London. It is just a nice driving distance (five miles) from a station, whence there is a good service of trains, and there is a probability of a new line coming close by, which will, no doubt, enhance the monetary value of the land.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER are instructed to **SELL**, by AUCTION, on TUESDAY, June 17, at Two (unless previously disposed of privately, as to which they are fully authorised to treat), this important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. Particulars are being prepared, and (when ready) may be had of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside; in the meantime they will be pleased to give any information to intending buyers.

ALTERATION OF DATE, NEWMARKET.

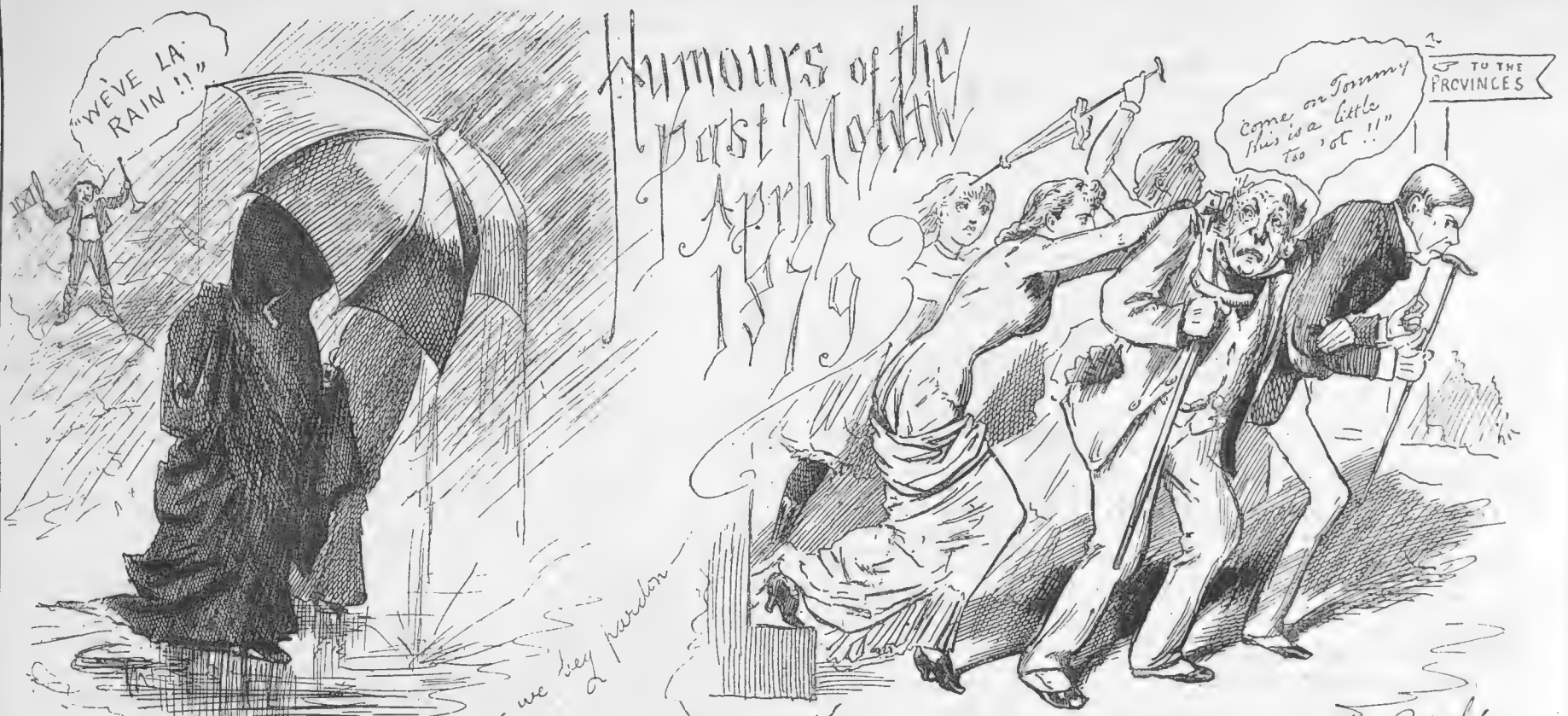
Highly important and attractive sale of land contiguous to the town, and comprising upwards of 350 acres.

HENRY STANLEY is favoured

with instructions from the proprietor to **SELL** by AUCTION at Newmarket, on MONDAY, June 30th, 1879, instead of May 14th, the above valuable Freehold Property. Particulars, with plans showing the lotting, are being prepared, and may shortly be had of James Button, Esq., Solicitor, Newmarket; Messrs. Bowker and Co., Solicitors, 6, Bedford-row, W.C.; Messrs. Carr and Co., Solicitors, 70, Basinghall-street, E.C.; and of Henry Stanley, Land Agent, Bury St. Edmunds, and 64, Gresham-street, E.C.

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Queen's Weather in the Soaking - we beg pardon - Sunny South -

Our Boys turned out of doors by the Girls but this is pure allegory



First Spring Meeting on Ampstead Bath Heaster Monday - only it was a pity it snowed



The Shakespeare Festival a good beginning anyhow

"My Grandfather's Clock" drish path "Nancy Lee"



"DIPLOMACY" (but who would have thought it of Mr. Brough)

The name of the Aquarium Theatre has been altered to the Imperial, it is not easy to see why. No doubt some enterprising Radical will hint that it is part of the Imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield.

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception. All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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PRIZE MEDAL, Great Exhibition, London, 1851.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

J. WALL.—The value of a "dramatic play" varies from considerably less than nothing to a good deal over £50,000, according to the merit of the production. A theatrical manager is the person to whom you should apply.
G. E.—Miss Agnes Booth was born in Australia.
W. H. B.—Mrs. Walter Gooch plays as Miss Fanny Leslie.
ORINSKA.—Miss Ellen Wallis made her first appearance at the Queen's Theatre, London, on September 28th, 1872, as Marguerite de Montcalm, in *Montcalm*.
W. W. G. M.—The lines were probably those written by Pope. They run:—"Shakespeare, whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."
V. E. PURDAY.—Mr. Dowton was born in Exeter in 1763, and died in May, 1851. He made his first appearance with a strolling company at Ashburton, and was soon afterwards playing at Plymouth. His London debut took place at Drury Lane Theatre on October 10th, 1796, as the Jew, in Cumberland's comedy of that name, with marked success.
MARTIN P.—Horace Walpole's opinion of Goldsmith's famous comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, will be found in the following extract from one of his published letters:—"Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy—no, it is the lowest of all farces—it is not the subject I condemn so much as the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind—the situations are, however, well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue." On another occasion this famous, if not great, statesman said: "Dr. Goldsmith told me he himself envied Shakespeare; but Goldsmith was an idiot, with, once, or twice, a fit of parts."
GOOD NIGHT.—1. Her age is not thirteen, but sixteen. 2. We fear too true. 3. We do not know whether the society has cognizance of her doings, nor will we answer for the truth of the statements made by our contemporary.
A. W.—1. Mr. Selons adapted for the English stage Dumas' *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* in 1851, when it was produced at the Princess's Theatre, but an earlier adaptation is in existence, which was played at Drury Lane when that house was under Mr. Hammond's management. 2. *The Black Tulip* has been dramatised by Mr. A. H. Wall.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGE EASTHAM.—In the "Recollections" of Cyrus Redding—a most interesting work—we are told that Johnson, Goldsmith, and their friends when at the "Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet-street, uniformly occupied a table on the right as you enter the room, which is to the left hand on entering the house from Wine Office-court. Their table stood before the window, in which Johnson always sat, and Goldsmith's usual seat was on his left hand.
ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Some sort of water-fowl, no doubt, but it would be impossible to say of what species.
HENRY G. MORTON.—In 1851 the principal editor of the *Illustrated London News* was John Timbs, who edited for many years *The Mirror*. The political editor of the same paper was, at that time, Dr. Charles Mackay.
H. R.—Jeremy Bentham started *The Westminster Review* in January, 1824. The first publishers were not the Messrs. Longmans.
F.—Several such cases are on record beyond those you mention. The hair of Ludwig of Bavaria, when he was convinced that a wife, whom he had put to death for her supposed infidelity, was innocent, turned almost suddenly as white as snow. A terrible dream had the same effect on the hair of the Hellenist, Vauvilliers. When Brizard, the French comedian, was released from the iron ring to which he had been clinging, to escape drowning, it was found that his hair had turned grey. The beard and hair of the Duke of Brunswick changed in the same way when he heard that his father had been mortally wounded at the battle of Auerstadt.
N. M.—The author did not imagine the incidents, as you will see from the following extracts, which we make from public journals of the period:—"October 17.—On Thursday night John Sheppard escaped again from Newgate. Although he was double ironed, handcuffed, and chained down in the room called the Castle, yet he found means, in a very surprising manner, to free himself from the staple to which he was chained. Afterwards he broke down the wall of the chimney, and got into several rooms, broke through six doors, on which were five strong locks and a bolt, and thereby getting upon the leads of the gaol, he from thence climbed down to the top of Turner's house, adjoining to it, and found a way to get into that also; and having come down and opened the street door, made off in his iron boots, and is not yet heard of, which hath struck the keepers with such amazement that they think he was assisted in this last enterprise by the Devil himself." On the 21st of the same month the following advertisement appeared in all the newspapers:—"John Sheppard did break out of Newgate in the night between the 15th and 16th of this instant October, with double irons on his legs, and handcuffs on his hands, with a bright horse-lock under his other irons. He is about 22 years old, about 5 feet 4 inches high, very slender, of a pale complexion, has an impediment or hesitation in his speech, and did wear a butcher's blue frock, with a great coat over it, and is a carpenter or house joiner by trade. Whoever will discover, or apprehend him, so that he be brought to Justice, shall have 20 guineas reward, to be paid by the Keeper of Newgate. N.B.—If any person conceal him from Justice (knowingly) since he has made his escape, it is felony, and they will be prosecuted for the same." He was not apprehended until the 7th of the November following, and was executed on the twenty-first. His career was so extraordinary in reality that fancy could hardly depict anything more so. The crowds who flocked to Newgate to see him were large and continuous; people of the highest rank were amongst them, and a watch was kept upon

him day and night, from the hour of his arrest to that of his departure for the gallows. He was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where his funeral was conducted with all due form and the service read over his grave, a detachment of the Prince's Guard being present to prevent violence.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

THE COMING CRICKET SEASON.

ALTHOUGH any suggestion of "flannels" recently made might be thought to apply to them rather as warmth-giving materials than as garments to be donned by cricketers, yet the advent of May warns us that the season sacred to bat and ball is already upon us, and soon the columns of sporting contemporaries will teem with the results of opening matches. The different bills of fare set before us by metropolitan and provincial *entrepreneurs* are to the full as varied and interesting as usual; and we are glad to see that "county cricket," though still not so universally encouraged as it might be, yet manages to provide a series of contests which cannot fail to bring forth whatever talent exists among *débutants* on village greens and other nurseries of the noble game. The centres of cricket *par excellence* already have their programmes filled up, and at our universities and public schools private trials will speedily reveal the prospects of each during the coming campaign. One thing to be lamented in the multitude of clubs now in existence, with colours duly registered, as the racing man would say, is the lack of individuality inevitably consequent upon players belonging to more clubs than one, and this we take to be an element of confusion detracting from interest in the decision of matches, when each side struggles to make use of all available talent. A great deal of that highly-wrought excitement and partisanship which distinguishes the universities and great schools' matches may, we think, be referred to the strictly individual character of the contests, and the hard and fast line of qualification drawn for players therein: whereas, as it seems to us, most of our principal matches partake too much of the "scratch" element, if we may so term it, sides being selected more with a view to strength than actual representative qualifications. Another objectionable feature is the repetition of certain features of the annual cricket programme upon different battle-fields; and we fancy it would puzzle the ordinary spectator, however well versed in the game, to define the claims of such matches as *Gentlemen v. Players* and *North v. South*, played in different localities, to be considered as tests of individual merit. We rather think, though many will probably ridicule our ultra-Conservative notions, that as on the Turf no one has yet attempted, nor is likely to attempt, to set up a Derby or St. Leger in opposition to these races which stand out as trials of superlative excellence, so we ought to be content with our former allowance of great matches (such as those we have mentioned above), feeling assured that interest in them would be greater and more genuine than at present, when different players contend in each at different grounds. This may be regarded as a merely sentimental grievance, and so it is in one sense, and for the reason that we do not find the cause of cricket in any way prejudiced by the multitude of matches now brought to a head; and so long as the good old game maintains its healthy and honourable traditions, perhaps we ought to be content with the goods provided for us, and to tolerate a "plethora" of cricket for the sake of the extra enjoyment afforded to many of its admirers. It would be impossible, we fear, with so many claimants for high cricketing honours of almost equal ability, to revert to the days when an "All England Eleven" could be said to represent the *élite* of talent throughout the country; but we must, nevertheless, be thankful that, with the increase of the game, not only in popularity but also in practice, no innovations have been suffered to mar its original simplicity, no corruption has crept in to make it a less desirable pastime to be indulged in and patronised by all classes, from the highest in the land to the yokel who sets up his rude wicket wherever in town or country a strip of waste land can be found for his purpose.

We have had ample evidence of the decline and fall of sports and pastimes upon which the odious betting man has intruded his objectionable presence; and a timely warning has lately been given that even cricket is not proof against such obnoxious influences. Though the *amende* has been duly made for the unwarrantable insult committed against our countrymen while on their cricketing tour in Australia, the affair is not likely soon to be forgotten; and though our aim should be to bury such unpleasant *fiascos* in oblivion, yet we cannot but think, in this case at least, the remembrance of the scene enacted at the Antipodes will be of service in preventing the possibility of such unseemly exhibitions in the future. We may congratulate ourselves that it did not take place on English ground, but it is none the less a warning and an example which we should do well to profit by, and as such it will not be thrown away. It behoves us to guard with much jealous care and the extreme anxiety against the bare idea of debasing cricket to the level of "pothouse" games by the slightest contact with the blatant bookmaker. It is said, and with a certain show of truth, that Englishmen will not be denied the privilege of backing their opinion with money, and doubtless there are those to whom a cricket match affords the opportunity of gambling, but we hear but little of such things, and are content to believe that friendly wagers to extremely small amounts are all for which the noble game can ever be held accountable. Still, the shadow of an infection may threaten, and this we must endeavour to render harmless by stamping out the first and faintest indications of an attack. The possibility of betting influencing the game has been shown, and that in no uncertain fashion; we shall not, then, incur the imputation of alarmists if we hold ourselves forewarned and forearmed against a calamity which would threaten the very existence and practice among gentlemen of a pastime which has hitherto been a byword for fair play and honourable dealing.

We shall be endorsing an opinion shared by many crotcheters past as well as present when we venture to

give expression to the hope that we have seen the last, at any rate for some time to come, of these exhibition tours in America, in our colonies, and elsewhere, got up with rather alarming frequency of late, and in which amateur talent is combined with professional skill. It was all very well in what we may term the dark ages of cricket for its admirers and exponents to make crusades for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of the game in continents and dependencies where English tastes prevailed, and where only development and encouragement were necessary to lay the foundation of enthusiasm in the cause of a healthy and athletic pastime. All this has been done, and there is now no fear of the taste duly implanted becoming vitiated or lost; for year by year we find the game increasing in popularity and importance wherever stump can be pitched or ball bowled. Our colonists and transatlantic cousins have shown themselves eminently fit to run alone, and so soon as this is the case it must be obvious that cricketing trips organised and equipped by the mother-country mean nothing more than money-making, an objectionable feature in connection with the game above all others supposed to be free from such influences. Therefore we hope that the last "representative team" of cricket missionaries has been collected and despatched, and glad as we shall be to entertain and to meet all-comers of all nations on the soil of the Old Country, henceforth let us content ourselves with a policy of "masterly inactivity" as regards proposals from abroad for a visit of "English cricketers." By this means we shall best consult our own dignity and the welfare of the game, which will not profit by contact with Barnums and betting-men, who are ever ready to take advantage of the "main chance" for enriching themselves at any risk.

RIVER AND DOWN;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE.

By W. W. FENN, Author of "Half-hours of a Blind Man's Holiday."

SCENE III.

"Up into the hills, past white crumbling chalk pits fringed with feathered juniper and tottering ashes. . . . Up between steep ridges of turf, crested with black fir woods and silver beech. . . . Up into the labyrinthine bosom of the hills,—but who can describe them? . . ."

Charles Kingsley could describe them, despite his doubting query, as any of the searching party might have testified, when soon after they were clear of the dark overshadowed lane the rising full moon revealed the great smooth sweeps.

But the minds and eyes of all there were bent otherwise than upon the glories of nature. The party spread themselves across each likely track of ground, and keeping always within calling distance of each other, took their way towards that part of the Downs which lay in the rear of the belt of copse, where, probably, the stricken girl had been deprived of her brother's guidance by the mysterious attack made upon him. The search was continued in silence; for the roughest amongst those simple countrymen had been touched to the heart by what the doctor had repeated of the story.

Scarcely a square foot of turf was left unexplored. Each clump of furze along the skirts of the copse was examined, but not a trace was to be seen of the missing man. Nothing beyond a stunted bush or two broke the surface of the dew-clad grass. A vast extent of ground was covered, and the party were working in one long line from out a deep hollow, up towards a ridge along which ran the road through the park, from the North Lodge, when the distant sound of horses' hoofs were heard upon the flinty way. Presently a rider hove in sight, and pulling up as he came within speaking distance, cried:

"The gentleman has been found, and is safe at the Lodge. Old Ben, the keeper, and his sons, heard the lady's screams when they were nigh a mile away, but when they got up to the place where they thought the cries came from they could see nothing, and they were coming away, when they found the poor man lying under some brambles. He had come to himself by that time, but he was so weak he couldn't walk nor speak, and it took nigh three hours to get him to the Lodge. He can't talk now, and they knew nothing of what had happened till I told them."

This was the messenger the doctor had despatched, and who had ridden out to give his news.

"They'll be glad now," he went on, addressing the doctor when all steps were turned towards the North Lodge, "to have your help, sir! for they have no medical gentleman there yet."

Unlooked for as must ever be the shape which the calamitous results of crime will take, none, perhaps, could exceed in their strangeness the circumstances which that mysterious assault upon an unarmed man, far out upon the lonely Downs, were destined to bring about.

Once again the young doctor was employed that night in the diligent exercise of his calling—brother and sister both in his hands, both cast down by the same foul blow.

SCENE IV.

"INTENSE nervous prostration demanding absolute repose for several months"—this was the medical verdict and sentence, applicable in some degree to both cases. Accurate and wise it was, as the restoration to tolerable health of, at least, one of the sufferers by Christmas time proved.

Be sure that there was no lack of attention to, or interest in, the patients on the part of him who had, during the idle recreation of a brief holiday, been made the instrument of succour. Week by week he snatched a few hours from his rising London practice to rush down to Littleport to watch and soothe, and thus to learn by degrees what has still to be told.

At first, however, beyond finding that Mercy Arkworth and her brother Gerald were orphans, and that she, living under the charge of her aunt, had come with the old lady to the quiet watering-place for change of air, her preserver learned little of her family affairs. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been enough for him, but they were not ordinary. A sweet and gentle girl, rescued from a catastrophe so terrible as that which befel Mercy Arkworth might have touched the heart of her deliverer had he been made of commoner stuff than was this young physician: what wonder then if the additional appeal made to a man of his nature through her affliction bore but one result? He loved her, loved her for herself, loved her the more that she was a sufferer, and that there might be given him the good fortune to restore her sight. But apart from these considerations, he was struck by the strange reticence of the young man about everything appertaining to the event on the Downs. When Gerald so far recovered as to speak of it at all coherently he displayed a curious disinclination for any steps to be taken that might lead to the apprehension of his assailant.

"Had he been robbed? had he lost anything? had he seen the ruffian? could he identify him?"

To all these and similar questions from the police, and those about him, he had but one stereotyped answer,—

"No, he was too much taken by surprise to remember anything!"

Weeks passed, and though his sister was fairly herself again, he lay silent and dejected. He desired "not to be irritated by fruitless questions." He shielded himself from being pressed, under plea of his illness. The tenacious eye of the doctor saw it; he wondered, became curious and anxious to a degree only to be explained by the fact that Mercy was Gerald's sister. Christmas came, but the invalid protested that he was still unfit for a railway journey.

"Why has he such an objection to go back?" wondered the doctor, "he is not so ill as he makes out; strange, unsatisfactory!"

The two are sitting alone, face to face in the bay-window of the lodging-house, looking out upon the dreary wintry sea: scarcely a soul is abroad, one figure only is moving along the deserted parade. The figure advances from the direction towards which the doctor's back is turned; therefore it is in full view of the invalid, who suddenly becomes greatly agitated. At his best a plain man, his face now assumes an expression very startling. The dull eyes are lighted up by inward fire, the mouth quivers, in spite of the pressure put upon the lower lip by the prominent teeth. A deadly pallor passes upwards from the cheeks to the high bald forehead, upon which start out drops of moisture. The face has acted as a mirror to the doctor, who turns to look out of the window, conscious that it is something behind him which is reflected on his patient's countenance. But he sees nothing to account for Gerald's agitation. There is simply a tall, seedy-looking, yet rather flashily dressed young man, smoking a cigar, and strolling along the Parade. True, he looks up as he passes, but for the matter of that he does the same at every house along the row. Before he has quite passed by the sick man leaves his seat and flings himself on to a sofa at the farther end of the room. The doctor follows him, and says abruptly,—

"You know that person; the sight of him has affected you. Forgive me, but I have an idea that that was the man to whom you owe your present condition. If I am right the confidence that should exist between a medical man and his patient forbids your denying it."

Gerald glanced towards the door and said,—

"Look it. I am betrayed by my own weakness; in Heaven's name don't let Mercy know what you have discovered."

The doctor obeyed, and once more sat down opposite his patient, who, after an effort, resumed,—

"As it has come to this, I had better tell you all, and perhaps you may be able to help me in my mental trouble. I have tried from the earliest times to conceal from the world all his wickedness, for the sake of our good name, for his sister's sake, mind, not for his own. After what has happened I do not think I am bound to do so any longer. That young fellow you saw pass is Mercy's own brother; I am only her half brother. Our father died but a year ago; his end was hastened by the knowledge of the evil doings of his second son, who from the earliest years had shown signs of an evil disposition, from whom inherited Heaven only knows, for his mother, my father's second wife, was as gentle and good as Mercy herself. But the boy was bad; he was sent to college, and was eventually expelled. He was intended for the Bar, my father's large legal connection offering him a good start. I was in partnership with my father, and at his death succeeded him in our business as solicitors, and to such property as he possessed."

"This was what Richard had been striving to prevent. He guessed what was coming, and it put the finishing stroke to his hatred of me; it tempted him to many a disgraceful act towards me, and has ended in urging him to attempt my life. Rash, unnatural, though the attempt was, it had been well nigh successful. The single redeeming trait in his character was a certain blundering regard he had for his sister in her affliction. He never seemed quite to understand it, though, except as something which put her beyond the reach either of his envy or enmity. She, warm-hearted and affectionate, would have lavished as much love on him as she has on me, if he had given her the chance, and it has been her constant intercession for him that has more than once prevented my taking offensive action against him, and which has kept me hitherto silent as to who was the perpetrator of the atrocity which endangered both our lives. I wished that the matter, if possible, might die out, and that Mercy might be spared the grief of the discovery of this crowning act of villainy."

"But I must go back. After my father's death we lost sight of him for some time, and when he at length turned up he was in an abject condition, and declared he had scarcely tasted food for a week. He promised to reform, of course, if I would only help him. It ended in my taking him into the office as a copying clerk. For awhile I had hopes that all was going well, but I forbade his ever coming to our home."

"Oh! it was all a farce! Within six months he forged the signature of our firm on a cheque, and obtained a large sum of money. Fortunately we discovered it in time to prevent a repetition of the act, and my partner and I, calling him into our office, and locking the door, taxed him with the crime."

"Coward, fool, and knave though he was, he did not attempt to deny it; he besought our mercy—we consulted, he bore my name, we wanted no discredit brought upon the firm, he was my father's son, my dear Mercy's own brother."

"So it ended in his giving us a written confession of his guilt and a promise to leave the country and never to show his face here again. He signed it, and I folded it up in his presence and put it in my pocket-book, saying that I should always carry it about with me and use it, if I ever set eyes on him again for the purpose of giving him into custody, and then the law might take its course. All this happened but four-and-twenty hours before he was trying to strangle me upon the Downs, with the intention, certainly, of recovering his confession, if not of taking my life. He knew where I was in the habit of coming on the Saturday week by week. He managed to keep in my track by the aid of the disguise he assumed. He knew he had but one pair of eyes to elude. I, even, did not recognise him at first when he sprang out from the thicket whilst I was gathering a blossom for Mercy."

"And," here asked the doctor, "did he secure your pocket-book?"

"Yes, the pocket-book and the bank notes that he may have seen were in it, but not the confession, for it was but my effort to intimidate him that made me say I should carry it about with me. No! I locked it up—legally it should have been of little avail, but he did not know that."

"Yet," said the doctor, "your supposed possession of it nearly cost you your life, and is even now making him dog your movements. He means to make another attempt to get hold of the document which he supposes to be so fatal to him; there is but one course open, you are bound to prosecute him."

The sick man rose, with an air of determination to which he had long been a stranger.

"Yes, and I will," he said, "the nervous prostration from

which I suffer has made me look with dread upon a return to my ordinary life, involving, as it would, the possibility of another encounter with my half brother, but I will throw off now and for ever all consideration for him. He has passed this window a dozen times within the last month, and on each occasion his presence seemed to paralyse me in the way you saw just now, but seeing it you guessed the cause, and are thus enabled to show me a healthy view of things."

Once more the doctor had been the instrument of restoration, his moral influence, as is ever the case with the true physician, worked hand in hand with his medical skill.

SCENE V.

AGAIN on the Downs! but now the days are at their longest and summer skies at their brightest.

By the side of a copse three figures are wandering to and fro. They are looking hither and thither with evident curiosity.

"It was hereabouts," cries one. "Nay, I am sure it was farther on," answers a second. "Well, I can't help you," goes on the third, "for I have never been here before, but seeing that brambles and ferns will spread, and a wild place get wilder, in the course of three years, it is not wonderful that you cannot hit on the exact spot. But I am getting hungry; I propose we dive into the contents of this smart pic-nic basket!"

If three years have served to alter beyond recognition the face of one little patch of mother-earth, what have they not done for that fair human face, now so serenely happy with its cheerful smile, and bright, albeit wistful glance! For, as unquestionable the broad features of the landscape are those of the Downs above "Gay's pit," so are the leading traits of that figure emptying the hamper according to the wish of the last speaker, unquestionably those of Mercy Arkworth.

Yet, what a change is here! Where is that curious feeling action of the hands, that timorous footstep, that doubting anxious movement of the head and body? All vanished, and, in their place an assured independence of air and carriage. A significant ring, too, which the ungloved left-hand displays tells a farther tale of time's good work, whilst the familiar joyous look with which he regards her implies an unmistakable transformation in the state of a certain eminent physician, otherwise easily recognisable as the flannel-clad paddler of his own canoe. The third figure alone appears unaffected by the lapse of years.

Ordinary-looking always, the lawyer is so still. Only when his dull grey eyes turn towards the sister of whom he is so fond does anything like a twinkle appear in them.

"Well," he says, "this is the strangest fancy! To think that you should select this of all places, to spend your first day of unrestrained freedom on!"

Mercy looks up,—yes, mark this word, *looks* up, as she answers:—

"Why not? was it not hereabouts that our great suffering began, and could there be a fitter place for me at any rate on which to celebrate the happy ending of it all? The two great blessings which have so changed my life I might never have known but for dear old Gerald's love of wandering over the Downs, and bringing me up here."

She patted the lawyer on the cheek, and having completed the primitive arrangements for the repast, sat down between her brother and her husband.

Considering what is known of this trio, it would be pleasant to watch them throughout the whole of this picnic-day upon the Downs—but a few minutes' observation is sufficient to show that the good genius of the party has fulfilled to the letter the hopes that had inspired him soon after he was thrown so mercifully and strangely across the blind girl's path. His skill has enabled him to lift the great shadow from off her life, and he has found his reward in that entire devotion which can only be rendered by a loving wife.

But, in one respect, she is still in the dark,—happily, brother and husband have been enabled to hide effectually from her the knowledge of who was the perpetrator of the deed which had made this spot so memorable.

An uncompromising course was adopted with regard to Richard Arkworth. As the skilled surgeon cuts deep to remove the canker in the body, so our doctor cut deep at the mental canker gnawing at the peace of brother and sister. There was little difficulty in bringing home to the young villain sufficient of his crimes, without reference to the last, to enable his prosecutors to rid society of his presence, but it was for awhile not so easy to content Mercy with the bare assertion that her erring brother had left the country for good and all. Her thoughts evidently constantly reverted to him, and it was not until after this fancy of her's of revisiting the scenes amidst which so much romance had found its way into her life had been gratified that she seemed quietly to accept the fact of his disappearance. The doctor divined that her sensitive nature was influenced by a sort of unconscious consciousness that her brother Richard had been in some way concerned with that terrible evening upon the Downs, and that by the possession of a new sense she might be able, when once again upon the spot, to settle the latent lingering doubts that were haunting her mind.

Therefore, her husband willingly consented that their first holiday since the restoration of her sight should be spent as she desired, believing that when she had, with her own eyes, seen that no trace of him could be found, the idea would subside of its own accord.

The result showed how wise he had been, and the notes in his diary, from which the foregoing scenes have been strung together in their present form, are copious in their pathological and psychological deductions. They likewise contain many details as to the treatment of his two patients; the nervous prostration, the means by which he restored his wife's sight, the effect of that restoration on her temperament, and the peculiar and obscure influence which the relationship had upon her unrecognised consciousness of her brother Richard's share in their troubles.

Scant space is given to the romance of the case; the points which have interested him are those likely to advance science. Here the order is reversed, and science has been made subservient to romance.

THE END.

(Commenced in the last number.)

THE Crystal Palace programme for the ensuing season presents some important attractions, amongst which may be mentioned a series of six Italian operas to be given on Wednesday afternoons in May, June, and July by the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera Company, headed by Mdlle. Zare Thalberg and Mdlle. Heilbron. Amongst the artists promised are Mesdames Cepeda—the successful "dramatic" prima donna of the company—Scalchi, Pasqua, Bellocca, and Smeroschi, MM. Sylva, Capoul, and Gayarre, Graziani, Cotogni, and Maurel. Such attractions as these have seldom been offered to the Crystal Palace subscribers.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G.—We quite agree with you that the language used in the criticism was very unbecoming; but as the writer has acknowledged his incorrectness as to the problem referred to, and apologised for it, we think we ought all to forgive him.
Solutions of Problem No. 226 by J. G., Juvenis, Tyro, T. Robertson-Aikman, and Henry Williams are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 223.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to B 5. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

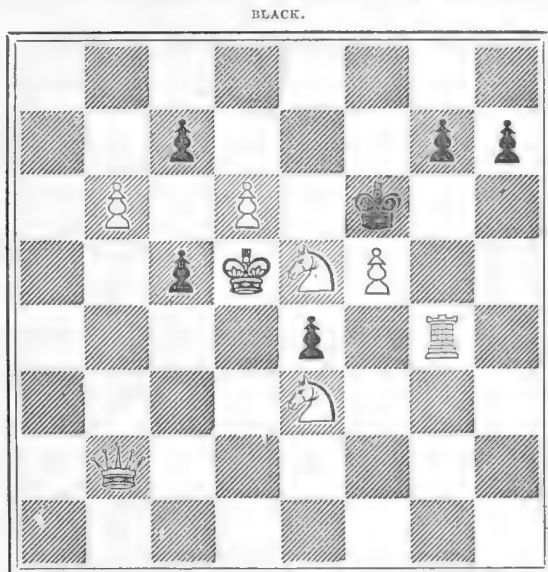
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 224.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt 2. Any move.
2. B to R 3. Any move.
3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 228.

By Rev. A. CYRIL PEARSON.

The following position has been lately published as frontispiece to "Chess Chips," and to a collection of Mr. Pearson's own Problems. As there is difficulty not only in solving it according to the terms of the first part of the enunciation, but also in determining that the analysis required by the second part of the enunciation is sound, it is advisedly called a Puzzle rather than a Problem. The position is clear and natural and ingenious.



White to retract the last move and mate. Show by analysis the mating position.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game played lately at Simpson's Divan between Mr. James Mason and Rev. S. Earnshaw:—

[Ruy Lopez Kt's game.]

WHITE. (Mr. E.)	BLACK. (Mr. Mason)	WHITE. (Mr. E.)	BLACK. (Mr. Mason)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	23. P to B 3	P takes P (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	24. K to R sq	Kt to K 2
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	25. B to B 2	B to B 4
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	26. B to Kt 3 (e)	Kt to Kt 3
5. Castles	Kt takes P	27. Kt takes Kt	K R takes Kt
6. P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 4	28. B to B 2	B takes B
7. B to Kt 3	B to K 2 (a)	29. Q takes B	Q to K B 3
8. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	30. Q to K 2	P to B 3
9. B to Q 5 (b)	Kt to Q B 3	31. R to B 2	Q to R 5
10. B takes K Kt	P to Q 4	32. Q to K 5 (ch)	K R to Kt 2
11. B to B 3	Castles	33. K R to K 2	P to K R 4
12. Kt to B 3	B to K 3	34. Q to B 5 (f)	R takes Kt P (g)
13. Kt to K 2	P to K B 4	35. Q to K 5	K R to Kt 2
14. P to B 3	B to Q 3	36. R takes P	Q to Kt 4
15. B to B 4	P to K Kt 4	37. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R (ch)
16. B takes B	Q takes B	38. Q takes Q (ch)	R to R 2
17. Kt to B sq (e)	R to B 3	39. Q takes R (ch)	K takes Q
18. Kt to Q 3	K to R sq	40. R to K 7 (ch)	K to R 3 (h)
19. Q to Q 2	R to K Kt sq	41. R to K 6 (ch)	R to Kt 3
20. Q R to K sq	P to Kt 5	42. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
21. B to Q sq	P to B 5	43. P to Kt 4	K to Kt 4
22. Kt to K 5	P to Kt 6 (d)	44. K to Kt 2	

- (a) P to Q 4 is preferable.
(b) Probably better than taking the Kt.
(c) A good move, for it not only opens a way of escape for the B, but also promises to march to Q 3, and thence to K 5 or B 5, as required.
(d) Mr. Mason may have some good reason for making this move, but to us its utility is invisible; and why White spared the life of the audacious Kt P is equally puzzling.
(e) Taking the B would have been death.
(f) The position is very difficult for both players; and White manoeuvres his Q with great skill as well as judgment.
(g) Apparently overlooking the line of play by which White could gain two pawns in reply, and secure at least a draw.
(h) Better to have interposed R at once, as in reply to the move made, White might have played R to Q R 7, thereby rendering it very difficult for Black to draw.

One Hundred Chess Problems, by the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson (published by Civil Service Company, 8, Salisbury Court, E.C.), is a well printed and tastefully got-up book, worthy of a place on the drawing-room table as well as in the library.

Mr. Pearson evidently delights in simple and pleasing stratagems, but there are many indications in his work that he by no means lacks the ability to construct difficult and complicated problems. To the collection now before us we can truthfully apply the dictum:—"Son genre est petit, mais il est grand dans son genre." The three-movers please us most. No. 70 is a masterpiece, although the termination reminds us of No. 99 in Klett's book, but we think Mr. Pearson has given the happier and more perfect illustration of the idea common to both compositions. No. 73 is incapable of solution; perhaps B P at R 4 would make it right. No. 49 is also unsound. Nos. 16, 17, 65, 77, and 79 are undoubtedly the most original of the three-movers. The four-movers are fashioned after the manner of the three-movers, exhibiting in their construction elegance rather than depth. On the whole, we have much pleasure in endorsing the opinion which a German critic, whose fairness and ability are acknowledged by all parties, has thus expressed to us: "In publishing this collection Mr. Pearson has proved himself a perfect master of the lighter style of composition."

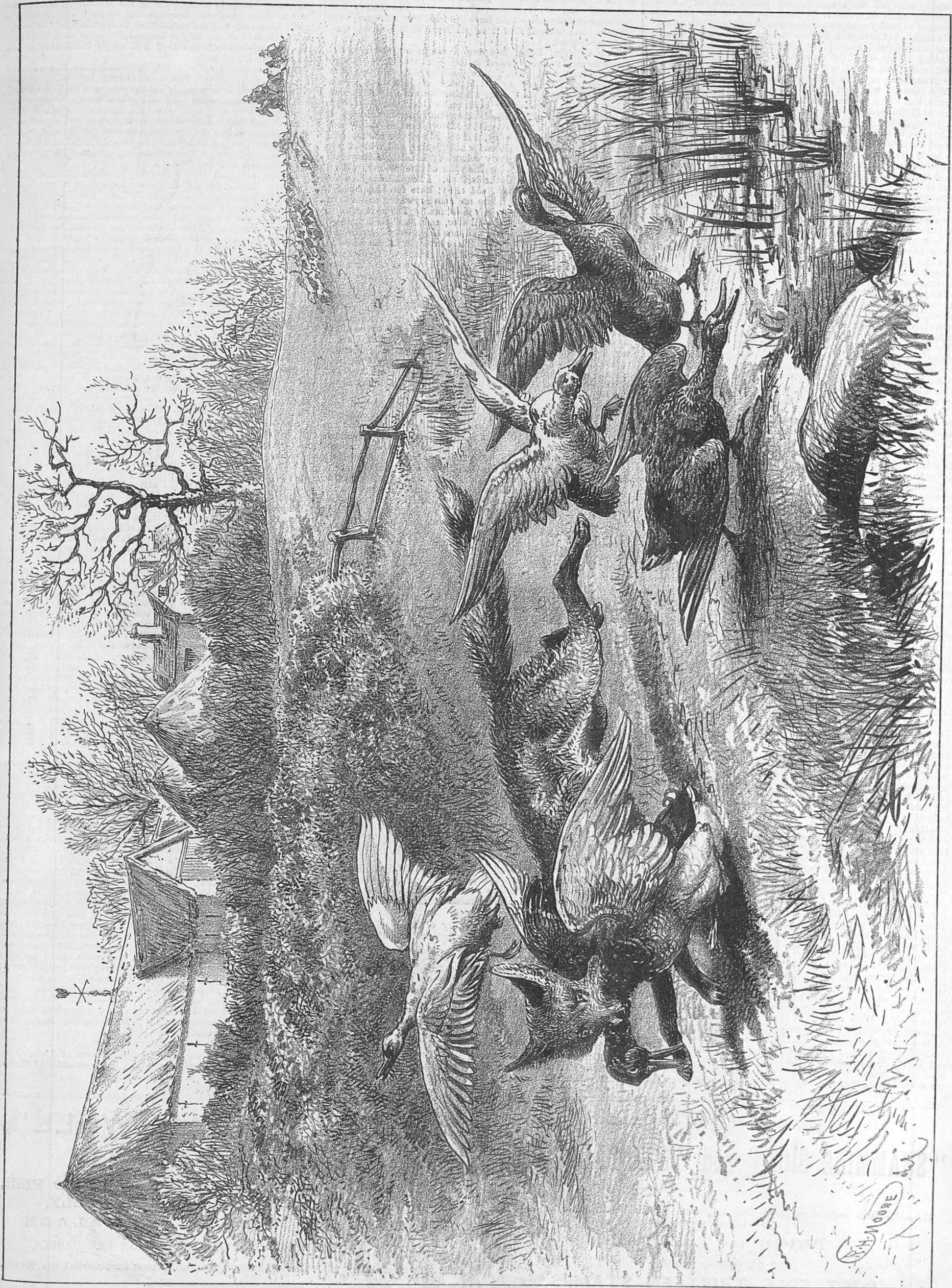
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At the First Furrow post. —
the descent to Tullisdown
Commonway —

Purveys.



THE RULING PASSION.

SPORTING SKETCHES.

THREE DAYS WITH A VACILLATOR.

THERE are few things more trying to the temper than to find oneself, with all one's impedimenta, rather late for a train, especially if it happens to be the only one in the day that promises to land you at your destination in anything like reasonable time. Yet such was my fate one morning owing to (from some unexplained reason) my forgetfulness in the matter of winding up my watch the previous night. As I sank into my seat, breathless, angry, and hot, the train moved off, leaving me to combat a vague suspicion that my servant (whose watch, oddly enough, had also "gone wrong"), in the hurry and bustle, had either left half my things behind or packed up my sponge in the middle of my dress shirts, and my "gum boots" in juxtaposition to my white ties. The reason for my sudden migration was an invitation from a very old friend to come and spend three or four days with him, during which period we were to have one day's shooting, one day's hunting, and one day's horse-dealing: that is to say, an annual fair was about to be held in his locality, and my friend wanted to fit himself out with one or two "perfect ones" at a fabulously small price. Sidney Marsden, for that was the name of my would-be entertainer, was one of those men who are never satisfied to rely on their own judgment. Whether selecting a horse, purchasing a cow, or indeed, as in his case, choosing a wife, Sidney always required a host of advisers. It did not matter if they did or did not know anything about the subject; the more opinions he could get the happier, for the moment, he was, though he generally passed a sleepless night weighing the varied and conflicting counsels with which he had been favoured. Even matrimony, strange to say, had not altered or improved him in this respect. It was always—"Shall I do this or that? What do you think, old man?" A. says I ought to, but B. says certainly not. Now I want to know what you think," the chances being a hundred to one that eventually he did exactly the opposite to what everybody had said was the proper thing. In the hunting-field, or with a gun, it was just the same; in the former he was always in a state of perplexity, whether he should go slow at a fence or fast, or at all; whether a short cut down this or that lane would not be better than going across the heavy plough; or whether he should ride Cupid first or Pluto afterwards, or vice versa; while with the latter it was almost an arithmetical calculation which bird he should take, or which barrel he should fire first—by the time he had worked it out the covey being out of shot. With this exception, Sidney Marsden was a right down good fellow: liberal to a fault, he was never so happy as when mounting a friend or doing the host at his own "festive board."

The first question that occupied his mind on our way from the station, was, whether we should shoot or hunt first. "You see," he said to me, "if we hunt to-morrow we shall have twelve miles to cover, whereas the next day it's only five. Then we are sure of a good thing at Lappington to-morrow, and Hoppas is always blank." "What's the use of going out for a blank day," I replied; "let's shoot on that occasion and hunt to-morrow; both the twelve miles, that's nothing." That being settled, he required my advice as to whether he should ride his old hunter, Tarquin, or a new purchase? Never having seen either of them, I decided that the new horse should be the one selected to carry him at Lappington, as I had a vague suspicion that if I did not, it might fall to my lot to ride it, and I have a horror of "promising young 'uns" and "new purchases," more especially when they are not my own. Before arriving at the house, I had to give my opinion as to the advisability of a black or pink coat as well as the shortest way to the meet. I got out of the first query by suggesting "the best coat of the two;" but the second question stumped me completely, for it was my first visit to the country, and one way was as well-known to me as another. So "I left it to him," and turned the conversation. The next morning was a very decent-looking one for scent, and I enjoyed our twelve mile trot to cover, notwithstanding that I was converted into a perambulating "enquire within upon everything." Our first draw was what they called "the round cover," and Sidney and self posted ourselves in (I was going to say a corner) but being a round cover it should not have a corner; however we posted ourselves in what looked like one, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing a fine old dog steal away with a shake of his brush that meant business. "Look here, old man," said Sidney, "ought I to holloa? He's gone well away; what do you think?" My reply to that was to holloa myself and proceed to pick out the easiest looking spot in a very nasty fence that confronted us. Presently out came the pack and settled down on the line straight over the nasty one, which was successfully negotiated, and down a long grass field, with some suspicious looking willows at the bottom that betokened water. "How does this animal like water, Marsden?" said I, as we raced along the field. "I don't quite know," was the answer I got; "Jones, my groom, says he's a rare good 'un at it, but Thompson, who sold him to me, said he would not face it, so I never like quite to ride him at it. By the way, there's a ford about a quarter of a mile down. Shall we go there, or chance it?" "What do you advise?" "At it," said I, not half liking the account of my steed, and hoping that Jones's opinion might prove the correct one. Alas! Thompson's diagnosis proved the truest, and for twenty long minutes did I make a ludicrous exhibition of myself, by riding madly at the brook, only to bring up dead short on the brink, or describe three parts of a circle to right or left. Eventually I had to give it up and go to the ford, after crossing which I vainly endeavoured to find the hounds. At last I was gladdened by the sight of a horseman in the distance coming my way; I'm in luck, thought I, they've turned, and I shall nick in again. Vain hope, it proved to be Sidney, who as he neared me shouted, "I've come back to see if you are alive. I could not make up my mind whether to go on with

the hounds or not. What would you have advised?" "Where are they?" I asked. "Running hard for the hills you see over there," said Sydney, pointing to some high land in the horizon; "shall we go after them or home? What do you think?" I voted it no use indulging in a long stern chase, so we turned our nags' heads towards home, and I had ample time to exhaust my vocabulary of "anathemas" over Mr. Thompson's late quadruped; indeed, I could have reversed the sentence with pleasure and wished that it might have been the late Mr. Thompson's quad.

After a capital dinner, however, I forgot my troubles, and looked forward to a day's rough shooting on the morrow. Rough it was in every way. First, we walked up some furze, out of which we got four rabbits and a brace of partridges. Then Sidney held a council of war, whether we should drive some stubbles, which meant sitting in an east wind for three-quarters of an hour, on the off chance of seeing one's neighbour miss; or proceed at once to beat the wood. After a deal of vacillation, "The Wood" carried the day, and accordingly we commenced. I was put forward in a ride under a holly tree, and had for my neighbour a somewhat peppery colonel of militia. Sidney and his other guest, the M.P. for his side of the county, walked through the first strip with the beaters. I heard Sidney's voice holloaing to me, "Look out, old chap; hare forard. Shall I fire, or will you?" I could see no hare anywhere, so shouted back, "Shoot her yourself; only mind me." The next minute, whiz came a charge of shot—all over, and round, and through my brown gaiters, causing me to dance like a cat on hot bricks, and use language that ought to have brought all the trees in the wood down. The penitent Sidney rushed up and by way of consolation said, "Dear! oh, dear! I am sorry. I mistook those leggings of yours for a hare. You ain't hurt much, are you? Won't die, will you? What do you think?" "Think?" replied I indignantly, "I think you ought to be hung, or at least wear spectacles for the remainder of your days. I also think I am going out of this," which I did, notwithstanding mine host's entreaties that I should stop. The rest of the afternoon I employed in picking various pellets of No. 6 shot out of my legs and registering vows never to shoot with Marsden again; indeed, I worked myself into quite a passion with him. However, he was so contrite at dinner that I soon forgot all about my feelings of revenge, and was able to laugh heartily at my mishap.

The next day we went horse-dealing as arranged, and Sidney's indecision was a caution. He never knew whether he liked a horse or not, or how much he ought to give, and the number of questions I had to answer and opinions to offer were beyond calculation. The first horse we looked at was a fine upstanding brown, almost faultless in shape, but with a vile-looking eye, and from the way the flesh at the corners of the mouth had hardened and grown callous, I felt sure he was a puller. After inspecting various other animals, Marsden returned to the brown, and I could see he was bitten with it. It was useless for me to point out the eye, or any other defect; he only turned to the owner and asked him "what he thought of it." Naturally the man was "jolly well sure nothing could touch 'im," 'e was like a lamb, and could jump hanythink as you put 'im at, and was dirt cheap at a 'undred." Eventually we bought him at sixty-five sovs., and Sidney popped a saddle on the beast and told his luckless groom to ride him home quietly. No sooner was James (the groom) on his back than away he went with a bound, and how on earth the man managed to stick on has always been a mystery to me. However, stick he did, and for seven miles he went straight on end, till at last the brute was stopped by some men, and led back to Marsden's house. Even then he wanted to bolt again. Sidney's face when he saw his new purchase disappear was beautiful, and when he recovered his speech he said to me, "I am afraid I've been done; the horse is running away, is it not? What do you think?" I could not help laughing at the idea of his asking me whether I did not think it was running away, for it was unfortunately too evident. We never could find our "Coper" friend again, but heard afterwards that the horse was a well-known one, and had killed two men before, besides running away with a loaded hay-cart, into which it was put to try and tame it. I believe the playful creature is now to be seen in the plough wherever the land is very stiff, occasionally varying that occupation by a day's holiday in a 2-ton roller. As I made my way back to my own diggings, after having promised Marsden to come again soon, I arrived at the conclusion that on the whole my three days with a vacillator had not been altogether a success.

BAGATELLE.

REVIEWS.

Ruff's Guide to the Turf, 1879. Spring Edition. Published at the Sportsman Office, London.—The spring edition of this most indispensable work has just been issued. It is compiled with the usual care. The convenient index is a specially praiseworthy feature.

The Chandos Classics. The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., from 1659 to 1669, with memoir. Edited by RICHARD (LOED BRAYBROOKE). The Diary of John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S., from 1641 to 1705-6, with memoir. Edited by WILLIAM BRAY, Esq., Fellow and Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries of London. London: Frederick Warne and Co.—We may safely assume that very few of our readers are unprovided with these immortal diaries. Should there be any who have not these most amusing and pleasantly instructive books at hand, we can recommend these cheap and portable editions which form the continuation of the "Chandos Classics."

The Club Directory: A General Guide or Index to the London and County Clubs, and those of Scotland, Ireland, and British Colonial Possessions, &c., &c. By Lieut.-Col. George James IVEY. London: Harrison, 59, Pall Mall, S.W.—Colonel Ivey

has compiled a very useful book, of which the above description forms a portion of the title. The author—if that title be applicable—might perhaps have exercised still more industry than he has, however. In some cases the committees are given, and in others the names are omitted. In the reference to the Beefsteak Club, for instance—an institution that has attained remarkable popularity—there is no mention of the committee, though the names of its members, representative as they are of society, sport, literature, and art would have been particularly interesting. There was certainly a demand for some such a book as this, and no doubt Colonel Ivey will supply deficiencies in the next edition.

The Countries of the World. By ROBERT BROWN, M.A., Ph.D., &c. Vol. III. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London, Paris, and New York.—This handsomely got-up volume, with its numerous carefully-executed wood engravings and its good paper and printing, is one of great value and interest. It deals with Central and South America, giving very clear and exceedingly comprehensive ideas of their physical and general geography, their history, animal and plant life, the manners, customs, and political conditions of the inhabitants, commercial products, manufactures, &c., &c.

The Secret of a Clear Head. By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, London: Hardwicke and Bogue.—The author of "Common Mind Troubles," a little work we have already favourably noticed, has issued this as a companion volume, and it is equal in value to the former, and quite as seriously important. The subject matter is one about which few people think or read with sufficient frequency or carefulness; but this being so small and brief a manual ought to tempt even the most indolent and careless to give it attention. We hope it will be widely consulted.

The Dagonet Ballads. By GEORGE R. SIMS. London: E. J. Francis and Co.—The boldness and vigour of thought and language which give these ballads their dramatic force and novelty, although occasionally bordering on coarseness, cannot fail to command a very wide and miscellaneous circle of genuine admirers. For readings and recitations they are likely to come into general request, and be very popular. Mr. Sims has a keen eye for the more picturesque and sensational phases of low life, and is not afraid to carry his readers into its most degraded and repulsive haunts. The language and method he adopts in his descriptions are often strikingly original.

The Penny Wedding. By CHARLES H. ROSS. Judy-office, London. An amusing, cleverly-written trifle, with which an idle half-hour or so may be pleasantly beguiled. The illustrations are full of humorous and grotesque characters.

The Little Alpine Fox Dog: A Love Story. By CECIL CLARKE. London: S. Tinsley and Co.—We regret that we can say little for this story, which is so very feeble and amateurish in style, feeling and conception, that the wonder is how it got into print.

Lays of Ind. By ALIPH CHEEM. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, and Co.—A capital collection of cleverly-written verses, admirably adapted to serve the author's modestly announced intention, viz., that of smilingly beguiling an idle hour. We have enjoyed the book immensely. Some of the little vignette illustrations deserve warm praise, and all of them are decidedly good.

Up the River from Westminster to Oxford, with map and numerous illustrations. London: Waterlow and Sons.—This is a very companionable and pleasant guide for tourists who delight in the varied and beautiful scenery and the innumerable objects of interest to be met with in the course of a trip by water from Oxford to Westminster. Places of historical, antiquarian, and picturesque value abound on either hand as we pass between the river banks on a bright day in spring, summer, or autumn, and whether we be angler, artist, or rowing man, or mere steamboat holiday-makers, we cannot fail to experience the keenest enjoyment in the sights such a trip will command. The maps, so far as we can test them, appear to be good and accurate, and the numerous little vignette illustrations (there are 140), although they are not for the most part new, and slightly vary in merit and pretensions, are all good in a greater or smaller degree, some being of the highest excellence. By way of appendix we have a calendar for anglers, with a list of the different Thames fishing stations, a table of distances from various places and between the locks, with the fall of water, &c.

Stanford's Sketch Map of Zululand and Natal. London: Edward Stanford.—A map which is now of such wide and general interest, clear, and, so far as we can judge by comparison, exceedingly accurate, cannot fail to command an extensive sale.

Can We Prolong Life? Ballière, Tindall, and Co., London.—The author, in his preface, states that his purpose in publishing this work, "Is to make known the results of inquiries into the causes of what is termed the 'decay of nature,' not theoretically, or by accepting only those facts which accord with a preconceived idea, but by collecting facts bearing on the subject, and making clear and straightforward deductions therefrom." The work must be of great interest to medical men, and its most salient features are easily grasped by the non-professional reader, as it is to a great degree devoid of technicalities. The author assumes the "decay of nature" to ensue from the excess of earthy salts we introduce into the system, thus inducing "ossification" of arteries, tissues, &c.; and that consequently a more suitable diet, such as fruit, vegetables, and the flesh of those animals, &c., containing least earthy salts, would prevent this hardening and prolong life. He also advocates the use of phosphorus in progressive doses as age increases, in order to restore the failing nerve power. The book contains some interesting analyses of the various fruits, vegetables, &c., and altogether we can recommend it to the thoughtful reader as one worthy of careful consideration.

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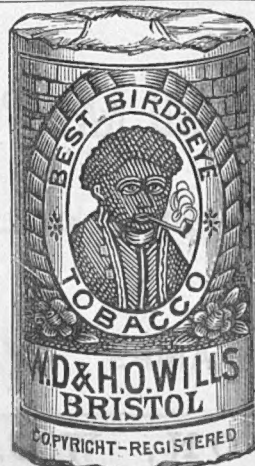
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